The Relief Society Magazine

Volume XX JUNE, 1933 No. 6

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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As he passed a prosperous-looking house a man stepped from the doorway and hailed him. "Hey, Jim! I got a job for you. Do you want to make a quarter?"

"No, sah," said the ragged one. "I done got a quarter."—*Everybody's Magazine.*

The Universal Egotist

We all would be happy as brothers,
And a beautiful world this would be,
Had it merely happened that others
Were only as perfect as we.

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At the Century of Progress Exposition

An opportunity to sit beneath an artificial sky and see the heavens revealed in all the glory of a million stars will be available to visitors to Chicago's 1933 World's Fair—A Century of Progress Exposition.

This experience will unfold itself in the Adler Planetarium which will be a part of the Exposition next year. The Planetarium stands on Northerly Island, adjoining the mainland and comprising part of the Exposition site. It is Oriental architecture, with a vast copper dome.

Inside, by means of a projecting machine, the firmament passes in review. Stars and planets, the constellation and the solar system sweep across the dome. The Planetarium reduces centuries to years and days and hours to seconds.

Spectators may look backward or forward in time, depending on the operator of the projection machine. How did the heavens appear when Christ walked on the earth? How did the sky appear at the time of Galileo? Which star will be the Pole Star, thousands of years hence? What was the appearance of the skies thousands of years ago when the Southern Cross was visible in what is now Chicago?

The answer to these and scores of other questions will be found by a visit to the Planetarium. In a few hours more can be explained by this mechanical sky and solar system than many months' lecturing and blackboard demonstration in a classroom. The experience is one that visitors will remember for many years to come.

How man reaches down into the depths of the sea and learns of the strange marine life existing miles below the salt water surface will be explained to visitors to Chicago's 1933 World's Fair—A Century of Progress Exposition—by means of a massive "Bathysphere."

The "Bathysphere" will be loaned to the Exposition by Dr. William Beebe, the famous naturalist.

This curious device is about six feet in diameter. It has three windows of fused quartz through which the explorer observes the submarine plants and creatures around him. The "Bathysphere" is let down by a cable that will not twist and connected with the surface by two light wires and two telephone wires enclosed in heavy rubber insulation. Thus the diver is in constant communication with the world above him. Oxygen tanks and open pans of chemicals for the absorption of carbon dioxide keep the air fresh and clear during the descent.

The "Bathysphere" will be one of the features of an exhibit entitled "The Sea as a Place to Live" which will be shown in the Hall of Science. The contrast between tropic and arctic waters and between the surface and the tremendous depths below it will be portrayed in this exhibit. The visitor will learn whether he would care to be able to swim down to a depth of three miles, provided he had to make the same adjustments as the fishy inhabitants of these regions have made.

June

By Ella J. Coulam

Oh! month of brides and roses,
Most favored of the year,
No wonder you're so happy
For the glorious Summer's here.

Your wealth of flowers and sunshine
Awaken love and art,
And Cupid in his hiding place
Sends out his piercing dart.

You rouse the sleeping butter-flies
With perfume ladened air,
And humming birds and honey bees
Are flitting everywhere.

Your gentle zephyr breezes
Keep nature all atune.
We are thankful for the harmony
Of the merry month of June.

PRESIDENT SAMUEL O. BENNION

THE
Relief Society Magazine

VOL. XX JUNE, 1933 No. 6

President Samuel O. Bennion

By Spencer Kimball

IN the elevation of Samuel O. Bennion to become one of the General Authorities of the Church, there is wide spread satisfaction and joy. There are few men in the church better known or more loved than the new President of Seventy who was sustained April 6, 1933, to the place made vacant October 24, 1932, by the passing of President Joseph W. McMurrin. In every city, town and cross road in the Intermountain West including those in the Colonies of Mexico, and the Provinces of Canada—everywhere are men and women who know him personally, have sung and preached with him, and labored in Missionary work under his wise direction. His picture is in thousands of homes, his memory in thousands of hearts, and his influence has enriched the lives of these Missionaries who now preside in Priesthood and Auxiliary work and in wards and stakes throughout the Church.

In his years of missionary work, he has seen great numbers made happy by the light of the Gospel brought to them by the young missionaries. His voice has been heard by hundreds of thousands; countless miles has he traveled in this great work. In his presidency over the Central States Mission, he has directed the work in about one fifth of the area of the U. S. and among about one seventh of the people of the nation.

His interest in his numerous family of missionaries has not waned when their releases were signed and sent from the office. Instead, he has been concerned constantly in their further activity and progress.

Born in Taylorsville, Utah, June 9, 1874, to pioneer parents, he grew up in a frontier environment. The varied experiences thus gained enriched his life and with the liberal education acquired by him, gave him those splendid qualities of versatility, firmness, yet human kindness, perseverance and ability to meet every emergency and to succeed in his righteous desires.

He was ordained a Deacon when a youth and later was sustained as president of the quorum when his grandfather, Samuel Bennion, was bishop. He was later ordained an Elder and afterwards a Seventy, which last ordination made him eligible for the high trust now imposed upon him.

His early life was spent on the farm and in the livestock and sheep business; these lines have held his interest even to the present time.

MRS. CHARLOTTE T. BENNION

HIS twenty-nine years of missionary work began in March, 1904, when he was called to fill a mission in the Central States. Arriving in Kansas City, Missouri, the mission headquarters, about November 12, he was assigned to labor as a traveling Elder. His outstanding work and leadership brought him to the front, and in July, 1905, he was appointed President of the South Texas District in which capacity he served until November of that year when he was selected by President James G. Duffin to be Secretary of the Mission.

In these various positions Elder Bennion displayed in rich abundance the rare qualities of leadership, and the Church authorities, recognizing his ability and worth, in October, 1906, called him to be President of the Central States Mission, which important post he still holds.

A few months after his appointment in March, 1907, and under the direction of President Joseph F. Smith, he moved mission headquar-

ters to Independence, from which place the Saints were driven by mob violence a hundred years ago. Under his direction a beautiful mission chapel and mission home have been built. Zion's Printing and Publishing Co. was established and housed in an attractive building constructed near, and of the same material as the chapel. Here has been published the "Liahona" and mission tracts and books in great numbers. Many people of the church have been furnished employment. Many splendid chapels have also been built under his direction in the various branches of the mission. His leadership has also been appreciated in his community where he is now vice-president of the Independence Chamber of Commerce, vice-president of the Independence Boy Scout Council, and an honorary life member of the Independence Kiwanis club.

HIS beautiful and talented wife, Sister Charlotte T. Bennion, has worked side by side with her husband and has made a liberal contribution to the success of this great missionary. They were married August 25th, 1898. Their two children, Dr. B. D. Bennion and Miss Donnetta Bennion, live in Salt Lake. Sister Bennion was perhaps the first woman Mission President of Relief Societies, being appointed in the Fall of 1908. She has served faithfully in that capacity nearly a quarter of a century working her way into the hearts of the women members throughout the mission, as well as winning the love of the hundreds of lady missionaries to whom she has been a real mother.

PRESIDENT BENNION has attended Semi-annual Conferences at Salt Lake and kept in constant touch with the fountain head, thus being able to carry to his missionaries enthusiasm and inspiration in the work. During these years of service, he has visited them quarterly, also meeting with the branches very often. All his missionaries have thrilled with the announcement of his coming to visit. Each will cherish the fond memory of the Priesthood Meeting lasting hours wherein each bore testimony, then sat in rapt attention as the beloved president sat among them or stood in the pulpit expounding doctrine, giving advice of a personal nature or explaining mission work. Each has gone forth from his presence, built up in his faith and fired with enthusiasm to carry the Glad Tidings another quarter with increased force and power.

In his humility is his greatness. He acknowledges he has absorbed and received much from his missionaries. He says:

"It has been my pleasure and privilege to have serve with me some of the choicest men and women that have lived in the world. A great part of my joy has been the privilege of witnessing the spiritual growth and development that has come to these young missionaries through their service in the vineyard of our Lord and Savior. Their testimonies have enriched the spiritual atmosphere that has come to me and has greatly enriched and strengthened me in this great work which I have had the joy of doing for the past twenty-nine and a half years."

And when the name of this "Our beloved president" is read in the list of Church Authorities to be sustained in stake and ward throughout the Church, his many saints and missionaries will raise their hands high in joy and pride and satisfaction to know that much deserved and merited advancement has come to this mighty man of valor.

Guests

By Ivy Williams Stone

HENRY MARSHALL filled the triple role of recorder, clerk and assessor in and for the county of Luma. At five minutes to five he put away his records, gave the safe dial a vigorous twirl, and hurried out of the office. It had been only another dull, uneventful day. Already his cronie Asa Drew occupied one of the two chairs on the court house stoop. Asa was sheriff, treasurer and surveyor, and his duties had been as negligible as his friend's.

"Well," queried Asa, as Henry settled himself in the remaining chair, "any news?"

"Business is terrible," answered Henry dolefully. "Ain't been no recording since Grandma Leek's death deed to Agnes. The assessment notices is all out, and here 'tis the tenth of June, and nary a marriage license have I issued. Time was, when folks stayed home to get married and give parties with lemonade and rice. We live too close to that fancy new court house in Dumas county. Now folks just jump into a little bug, sneak off to some other place without telling nobody, and get back to work for the next day." Henry emphasized his disgust for modern matrimony with a vigorous stamp on the cement floor.

"I figured Agnes Leek and Robert Nash would be getting married this month, but with them old folks hanging round her place like a couple of millstones, taint likely that poor girl can ever celebrate her wedding."

"Something's got to be done," Asa's brow drew together with a frown of deep concern. "We all felt it was fitting and proper that Agnes and Robert should wait till old Grandma Leek passed on. She'd been so good to Agnes, only mother the child ever knew. As far as this town was concerned, Agnes could a married the day after Grandma was buried. Grandma would a liked it that way herself. What right's Daniel Leek got, moving into Agnes' house, taking up the spare room, eating her victuals, and making her wait on him? I heard," here Asa leaned toward his friend and spoke in a confidential whisper, "I heard he even rings a bell at midnight, and Agnes has to take him up a cup of hot milk! He takes a pink pill at seven in the morning, a black one at eleven and a white one at three in the afternoon.

"He ain't no worse than Henrietta Morris is," Henry's voice added fuel to the fire of indignation which the entire village shared with the two old men. "She moved right into Grandma's room and has to have her back rubbed with arnica twice every night. They ain't poor and dependent. She's got a son and he's got a daughter. They got to be told they're in the way. They got to get out."

"Who's going to do the telling?" Asa stared belligerently at Henry—Henry stared defiantly at Asa. Their faces softened, their anger died before the dread possibility of being the messenger on this unpleasant errand.

"I'd rather storm San Juan Hill again," muttered Henry and Asa who had shared that glorious battle with him, nodded a grave assent.

DOWN the street came Robert Nash, the young man who had

waited patiently to marry Agnes Leek. He was supper bound and his mouth should have been puckered into a whistle and his step should have been buoyant. But his evening meal would not be served in a vine covered cottage, where he had visioned Agnes would be waiting for him, with the delicious dishes she knew how to concoct. He would be served warmed over potatoes and tough steak at the dreary little restaurant. With this certainty ahead of him, Robert's step was almost a shuffle and he hardly looked up as Henry Marshall called and beckoned to him.

"Hey, come here," called Henry with sudden inspiration. "Young man," he demanded with mock severity as Robert looked at him inquiringly but with little interest, "do you know how cave men got their wives?"

"Marriage by force was not uncommon among the peons," began Robert, but Henry interrupted.

"Cave men *stole* their wives," announced Henry solemnly. "Might was right, and any young man with red blood a-coursing through his veins oughtn't to let anything or *anybody* interfere with the course of true love."

"Amen!" added Asa fervently. Henry beckoned to Robert again and whispered into his ear. Robert brightened perceptibly, his eyes gleamed with sudden resolve and he laughed outright. "No wonder the Spanish-American War didn't last long," he answered. "If all the soldiers had had your daring, Henry, it wouldn't have lasted a month."

DANIEL LEEK, who was the youngest brother of Grandma's husband had come from Chicago for her funeral. It had been so thoughtful of him, all the village agreed, to show such respect for his sister-in-law. And Mrs. Henriette Morris, youngest sister of Grandma, had come all the way from San Francisco to attend the funeral of her sister. This had been family respect too. But when they both stayed on, when Daniel had moved his two trunks into the spare room, and Henrietta's three trunks, and two suitcases had been unpacked into Grandma's closet and bureau, and her parrot had arrived by express, the villagers had become suspicious.

Grandma Leek had trained the young Agnes to be hospitable to every guest who ever crossed the threshold. The wish of a guest must be law, and Agnes, who had patiently cared for her frail old grandmother, took up the care of a dyspeptic old man and a rheumatic old woman without open complaint. Surely Aunt Henrietta's son would soon send for her to return to him in San Francisco. It couldn't be so very long before Uncle Daniel would hear from his daughter in Chicago, demanding his return. But the weeks had drifted into months. Now it was June and the infrequent letters from the absent children had never suggested the return of their parents.

On the infrequent occasions when he had a chance to see Agnes alone, the impatient lover Robert had spoken volumes about leeches and hangers-on and millstones. But like old Henry and Asa and all the other villagers, he was loath to face the piteous look in the eyes of two old people, and tell them they were not wanted.

"I tell you, Aggie," he exploded, "it isn't fair. I didn't mind waiting until Grandma had lived out her days. You owed it to her, but what is this old man to you?"

"He said he would include me in his will," remembering her manners Agnes tried to smile. "He tells me that many times each day."

"What does Aunt Henrietta mean to us?" demanded Robert. "I don't intend to let you wear yourself out rubbing liniment into her old joints."

"She says she intends to tell her son to come here and see what a wonderful wife I would make."

"*I* know that already," whispered Robert Nash, and if Agnes had had powder on her cheek it would have been rubbed into a blue serge coat. "Her son can come and take his mother back to 'Frisco, but that's all he can do," whispered Robert.

WHILE old Henry Marshall was whispering suggestions to young Robert, Agnes was preparing supper for her two guests down in the little vine covered cottage. There was spinach water, hot milk and strained peaches for Uncle Daniel, whose delicate stomach could not digest ordinary fare. There was steak, hot biscuits and strawberry jam for Aunt Henrietta, who felt that in her remaining years she should gratify all reasonable desires.

While Agnes laid Uncle Daniel's meal at the south end of the dining table and Aunt Henrietta's at the north end, her two guests sat on the shaded east porch and watched for the evening paper.

"You'd better go in and help Agnes with your supper," suggested Daniel Leek pointedly. "I'll get the paper."

"Agnes is young and strong and does not need help," replied Aunt Henrietta caustically. "I'm reading a serial in that paper and I intend to get it when it comes. When one is old and crippled with rheumatism they should be permitted little indulgences," she finished plaintively.

"When a man's stomach is wrecked he should be given a little peace before eating. My doctor said so."

"When are you returning to your daughter in Chicago?" queried Aunt Henrietta with subtle sarcasm.

"The day *after* you return to your son in 'Frisco," retorted Uncle Daniel with emphasis. Further amenities were cut short by the arrival of the paper boy. Instead of throwing a twisted wad against the screen door, he got off his bicycle, came decorously up the walk and presented each of the two with a smooth, new paper.

"Compliments of Bob Nash," he grinned. "He said he wanted you both to read the paper at the same time— just for once!"

"That was a wonderful meal, Agnes," beamed Uncle Henry an hour later. "The next time I go to town I shall visit my lawyer and have him remake my will. A girl who can cook like you, shall be generously rewarded."

"Those biscuits and jam were perfection," added Aunt Henrietta. The next time I answer a letter from my son, I shall emphasize what a wonderful wife you would make. If anything could lessen the pangs of rheumatism, your cooking certainly can."

"My doctor says," Uncle Daniel looked pointedly at the empty biscuit plate, "that rheumatism can be controlled by diet. Starches and sweets are the worst possible foods you could eat."

"When I want your advice, Daniel Leek, I'll ask for it," Aunt Henrietta stalked majestically from the room, but stopped at the door. "If that young man is coming here again tonight, Agnes, please leave him long enough to come and rub my back when I ring. The last time he came, I rang three times before you heard me."

"She's getting heavier and heavier," muttered Uncle Daniel with no regard for chivalry. "The sea air would do her good."

Aunt Henrietta remembered later that her nine o'clock glass of water had tasted a little sweet, but Agnes had rubbed her shoulder extra long, so she forgot to complain. Uncle Daniel also remembered that his midnight milk, left by his bed in a thermos bottle, was off flavor, but when a girl has a beau on the brain she couldn't always be depended upon.

"This burning of the candle at both ends has got to stop," he muttered. "House keeping and courting can't go hand in hand." Then he became suddenly sleepy, that warm milk was bringing blessed oblivion. Strange he had not thought of a thermos bottle before. He drifted into such a heavy slumber that he did not hear the creaking of auto brakes, nor stealthy steps on the basement stairs.

Aunt Henrietta wakened with a start. The late sunshine was streaming into her room. There was no sound of Agnes in the kitchen. In fact an ominous silence pervaded the whole house—almost like the day they had buried Grandma.

"Agnes!" she called, and again with more emphasis, "AGNES! We've over slept." Getting no response, Aunt Henrietta sighed and reluctantly got out of bed. Her shoulder should be rubbed before she dressed. Strange that Agnes should have forgotten this courtesy due a guest. She went into Agnes' room. The bed was unoccupied, had never even been turned down! She turned aghast. The open closet door revealed bare hangers, the dresser drawers were empty—Agnes was gone!

As she dressed hurriedly, Uncle Daniel's voice boomed down from the spare room. "Agnes," he called, "If you're going to sleep this late mornings, I'll send that young man about his business!" I should have had my pink pill and hot water an hour ago!"

"Perhaps," said Henrietta to herself with a touch of wicked satisfaction, "perhaps if he has to heat his water and find his pill, his stomach won't be so calm!"

They met in the kitchen shortly and glared at each other with venom.

"Agnes is gone," announced Aunt Henrietta. "Her bed wasn't even slept in. Her closet is empty and *you drove her away.* Drove her out of her own house with your pills and your gruels and your hot milk. The child couldn't stand it any longer."

"Of course *you* had nothing to do with her departure," Uncle Daniel's answer could never be called the retort courteous. "I suppose she enjoyed cooking biscuits and steaks for you, and that your liniments smelled like perfume to her."

"This was the home of my beloved sister, and I had the right to come here. Agnes needed a chaperon."

"And this was the home of my loved brother, and I had the right to come here, too," retorted Uncle Daniel. "I am sure that the heating of a little water and milk did not add greatly to the duties of a healthy young woman. But it is long past the time I should have taken my twelve ounces of hot water. If you will kindly stand aside, and let me turn a switch on the stove, I will heat my own water."

With the air of a martyr Uncle Daniel measured out his allotted portion of water; placed the pan on the stove, and turned on the switch. He went to the medicine shelf and took down the box of pink pills. He

dropped one into the glass and turned to inspect his water. It was still cold.

"Strange," he muttered, "this stove does not heat." Then with sudden inspiration he snapped on the wall switch. The ceiling globe did not even flicker. "The electricity has been turned off," he announced in cold, hard tones.

Aunt Henrietta's mouth gaped open. With terrible fear gripping at her heart, she pulled open the bread box. There was not even one biscuit left. The sugar bin was empty. The flour bin was empty. There was no butter nor eggs in the refrigerator. Even Uncle Daniel's grade A pasteurized milk was not there. With more speed than she had ever shown before, Aunt Henrietta hurried to the basement. Only the night before she had gloated over the forty-eight pints of sun preserved strawberries which stood in neat rows on the fruit room shelf. Now those shelves were glaring with emptiness!

This was the last straw. She returned to the kitchen, ashen faced. "There isn't one ounce of food left in this whole house," her voice was half frightened, half indignant. "I cannot imagine a granddaughter of my lamented sister being so discourteous to a guest!"

"I could kindle a fire in the coal part of the stove," suggested Uncle Daniel in a mollified tone. A mutual need made them more amenable to each other than they had been since their arrival. "I'll get some kindling and coal from the woodhouse."

He returned in a minute empty handed, wearing much the same ex-expression Aunt Henrietta had worn when she discovered her cherished jam was missing. "That coal house is as bare of fuel as a dance floor. There's nothing there except a lawn mower and a watering can."

"We'll phone the grocery store to send us an order of prepared foods," being urged by hunger Aunt Henrietta was resourceful. But the telephone gave no answering hum as she impatiently moved the hook up and down.

"We're marooned—like Robinson Crusoe," she wailed. "I'd as soon go hungry as eat in that restaurant—taint clean."

"I got an alcohol lamp in my trunk," volunteered Uncle Daniel. "I could heat my water on that, and you could have some too," he added generously.

"And I got a box of soda crackers," added Aunt Henrietta. "If you soak them good in your hot water, maybe your stomach won't object."

Uncle Daniel sat at the south end of the little kitchen table; Aunt Henrietta at the north end. Between them the odorous alcohol lamp sputtered its blue flame until the water steamed. The box of stale crackers lay open between them.

"It's a lucky thing I never really included that girl in my will," muttered Uncle Daniel. "It saves me the expense of making a new one. I won't leave her a penny."

"And I won't tell my son what a wonderful cook she is either," added Aunt Henrietta. "I don't think he'd be interested in her for a wife."

"Why don't you go to your daughter in Chicago?" she flared with sudden anger. "You ought to know by now that you ain't wanted here."

"And why don't you go to your son in 'Frisco?" taunted Uncle Daniel. "The sea breeze might be hard on rheumatism, but it would be warmer than the reception you're getting here."

The lonely old man at the south

end of the table leaned suddenly toward the lonely old woman at the north end of the table.

"I don't go because I ain't wanted!" they cried in unison. As soon as the bald truth was confessed each felt better.

"My daughter has three children and her husband only works part time and the house is too small, and the place is never quiet."

"And my son is married already!" wailed Aunt Henrietta with confidence. "They live in a little apartment with only a kitchenette and a built-in bed in the living room. There isn't room for me. I don't know where on earth to go now. I've got money enough to live on, but it's terrible lonesome in boarding houses and hotels. I—I—"

"You ain't the only one that's lonesome," added Uncle Daniel. "I've got money enough to care for me, plenty, but I can't stand the quarreling, arguing children. I say, Henrietta, I know I'm a cranky old man, and I ain't been very nice spoken to you, but suppose you and me, suppose we do what Robert and Agnes seem to have done—suppose we elope?" The lean, veined old hand at the south end of the table reached out and patted the fat, flaccid hand at the north end. "I got money enough to subscribe for two papers—morning and evening both."

"And I can make good spinach water, too," whispered Aunt Henrietta.

AT five minutes to five Asa Drew, surveyor, treasurer and sheriff of Luma county twirled the dial on his safe and hurried out to the stoop. Henry Marshall, veteran of San Juan Hill, was just coming down the stairs. He wore a look of smug complacency and selected the better of the two chairs, as though it were his by virtue of superior accomplishment.

"You almost beat me again, Asa," he smiled and rubbed his hands jovially, "but I've been a busy man today. I've issued two marriage licenses. Who says Luma County isn't on the map?"

Bending the Twig

By Estelle Webb Thomas

THERE are so many lectures, books and theories on Child Culture, Behaviorism of Children, etc., so many conflicting ideas upon this important subject, that the average parent, attempting to profit by all he reads is left in a sad state of bewilderment as to the best course to pursue regarding this important subject.

It seems to me that if we would only remember that a child's plastic mind is a perfect blank at birth, and that it cannot register that which it does not see or hear, the task would be simpler.

Would a child be so apt to fly into a rage who has never witnessed an exhibition of temper?

Can he repeat profanity which he has never heard?

Will he feel fear if he has never known occasion for fear?

Example is everything, and precept very little unless backed up by example. It is not an occasional lecture, but, what we are, our every act and reaction, that is moulding the character of our children.

MRS. LUACINE SAVAGE CLARK
Wife of President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

My Wealth

By H. H. Ramsay

My wealth consists not of silver and gold,
But in a truer and finer expression of soul.
Day by day I store the precious gems,
Filling life's great coffers o'er their brims.

With the passing of the fleeting hours,
My wealth brings to me unbounded powers,
For I am sure to invest the increasing toll,
With the better elements of a living soul.

My wealth I would not selfishly hide away,
But give it back freely in work or play.
It's the saving of the spirit of humankind,
Beckoning men the better things of life to find.

My priceless wealth none can defile,
For it is the sacred smile of a child,
Given so freely and with ardor so fine,
For one that a moment before was mine.

Spring

By M. C. Stephens

Can you feel the caress of the soft Spring air
As it falls on your cheek, your neck and hair?
Does a gladsome melody wake in your heart
As the chilling winter days depart?

There is hope and new faith in the sweet Spring rain
As it whispers to you through the window pane.
And the poignant triumph of growing things
Enters your soul; gives your spirit wings.

There is love and sweet joy in the clear bird calls,
Serenely the peace of evening falls,
There's new life in every joyous breath.
Ah, Spring doth prove there's life after death!

The Importance of Standardization in County Welfare Work

By Joseph A. Geddes
Professor Sociology Utah State Agricultural College
(Address delivered at Relief Society Conference, April 4, 1933)

THROUGH its volunteer service the L. D. S. Relief Society is performing an important service to the intermountain area by developing wide-spread interest, information and practical experience in welfare work. The Relief Society magazine also provides a medium through which a continuous program of education is maintained. The semi-annual conference as contrasted with the annual gatherings of the State and National Conferences further provides an opportunity for improving standards and for the maintenance of that solidarity of spirit on which fruitful group effort depends so much. The development of a satisfactory relationship between volunteer and professional social work is one of the genuinely important problems which the no distant future seems ready to require of our leadership. It is the purpose of this paper to indicate why further standardization is imperative.

Meaning of Standardization

STANDARDIZATION is to social work what machinery is to production. In the welfare field it means the acceptance and use of evolving social work standards in the fields of (1) research (2) personnel (3) administrative machinery (4) methods of work (5) system of record-keeping and (6) use and development of community resources.

It will be of profit to observe the process of standardization in the productive field where it has been carried further than anywhere else. Here according to the National Encyclopedia it means "the making of each commodity in units of absolute uniformity in so far as it can be mechanically attained and the reduction of manufacturing processes to a uniformity as nearly perfect as tools, working conditions and men will permit. This has been accomplished by drawing exact specifications, measurements and descriptions of the goods to be produced and by defining exactly the processes and often the motions in production."

Standardization in industry is criticized on the ground that without adequate leisure it kills initiative and induces monotony.

Technical Production has Outstripped Other Fields

IN only one great field of living has the methods of science and science's god-son, standardization, been taken in, adopted into the family and made extensive use of. This field is technological or machine production. Many times more money and more brains are employed in research in this field than in all the other fields combined. Every large business concern has its technical staff of well paid experts who are cutting down costs and improving processes. Please bear in mind that standardization in machine production took giant strides forward when the three great inventions—the spin-

ning jenny, the power loom and the steam engine made their appearance during the latter half of the 18th century. But while these great inventions opened up the way and started production along a different trail, the process of standardization has gone on steadily since. We are still in the industrial revolution. Effort has been moved from the large to the small. Thousands, tens of thousands, of small parts of the productive process have come under control. As a result an entire floor of a factory can now be operated by a very few people. Standardization in some fields has meant an increase in productive power of a thousand fold.

Progress has been faster during the past 15 years than ever before. Today production per capita is represented in the United States by 30 units, China 1 unit, British India 1½, Italy 2¾, Japan 3½, Poland 6, Holland 7, France 8½, Russia 2½, Austria 8½, Czecho-Slovakia 9½, Germany 12, Belgium 16, Great Britain 18, and Canada 20. In America where standardization has progressed farthest production has increased fastest. It is the acceptance and use of standardization as a continuous growth that has meant so great an increase in efficiency in this country.

The Social Fields are Far Behind

WHAT is the social result of this extraordinary development in industry? The result is that the other fields, namely politics and government, religion, recreation, economic organization, education, urban and rural planning, family life, community organization, etc., have fallen very much in the rear in developing the great possibilities that lie inherent and unworked and largely unknown within them. The result also is social maladjustment and strain between the mores of the different fields which are moving along at greatly different rates of progress.

What Happens Without Standards

WITHOUT standards everything happens. Good, bad, indifferent, all woven together. Let us consider a few situations.

Situation No. 1. In a certain local area in our state R. F. C. Funds are limited almost entirely to work relief—concerning which of it is adequate I have only words of praise. But in this local district, there were 31 families on the approved list. The amount of work provided during February was so limited that one turn around only was possible. This turn consisted of 3 days work, the pay being $2.00 per day and the total earned for the month being $6.00 for each family. Now if social work means no more than work relief and if work relief means no more than $6.00 per family for a month, intense suffering is the inevitable result. Comment: Modern life is complex. The maladjustments which are interfering with success may be different in each of the 31 homes. Work relief even if there were enough of it could not bring success to many of these families. Social work must be as varied as the maladjustments which make social work necessary. If R. F. C. funds are to be limited to work relief in a locality it is incumbent on that locality to develop a local program of sufficient variety to handle reasonably well the problems encountered in the locality. In this same community is a widow with a boy 15 years old. The boy who should begin to be a support is now out of control. He runs away and has begun to steal. The mother

it seems treats him as a baby. Unable to realize the great changes that have come about in her boy she has failed to adjust to the emerging man. Thwarted and humiliated he runs away. This mother needs help, but it is not primarily money.

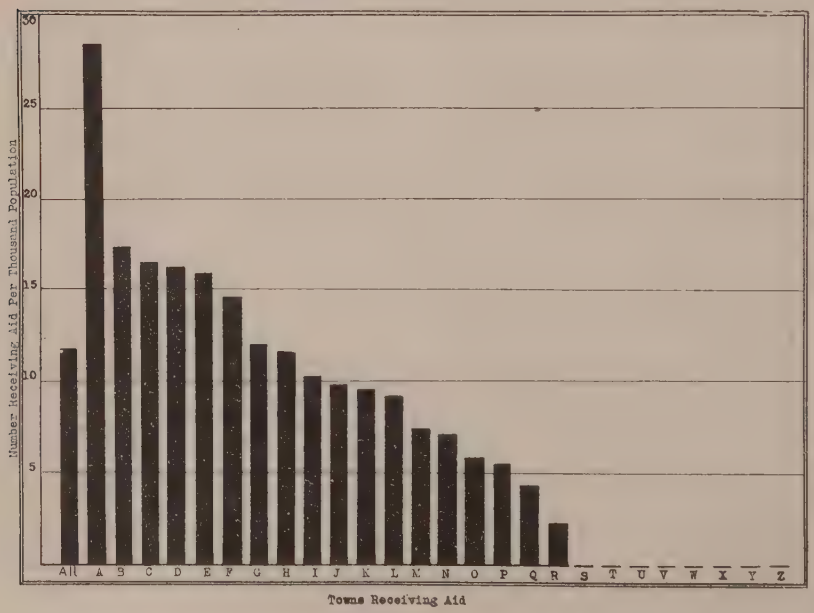
Situation No. 2. Contrast this with the condition in one of our large counties where it has been discovered during the past month that many have been getting R. F. C. relief through the county who have had jobs all winter. This serious difficulty appears to arise out of a lack of standards at three points. (1) Untrained workers have been given welfare jobs in considerable numbers, (2) Political appointees have been given jobs as social workers, and (3) Trained case workers have been given such large case loads that it has been utterly impossible to do the work right.

Situation No. 3. In a county where the County Commissioners are elected for two or four years without welfare or social work training what happens to the making up of the roll or relief list?

Chart No. 1

This chart shows an unwarranted discrimination between towns. While it is true that the poor tend to congregate in particular localities or neighborhoods, most Utah Counties are relatively homogeneous and some of the poor are found in all of them. In this county 8 towns had none of their people on the county roll in 1931, whereas some of the towns were very much over represented. Factors which commonly bring about a mal-distribution on the county poor roll where unstandardized conditions prevail are: (1) home area of county commissioner or county clerk is likely to be favored (2) political hanger-ons get on the list (3) family relatives receive undue consideration (4) a persistent demanding

Chart No. 1--County Welfare Expenditures by Towns in ----- County 1931



voice obtains a place (5) groups who can command votes are often listened to whether their recommendations would bear investigation or not.

Now if tabulation were made in this county of the variation of practices with regard to (1) Keeping records of cases (2) Cooperating with other agencies (3) Making use of existing community resources for the benefit of clients or other important practices of good workers, it is the opinion of the writer that probably as wide a variation in practices would be found as is indicated in this chart with respect to number assisted.

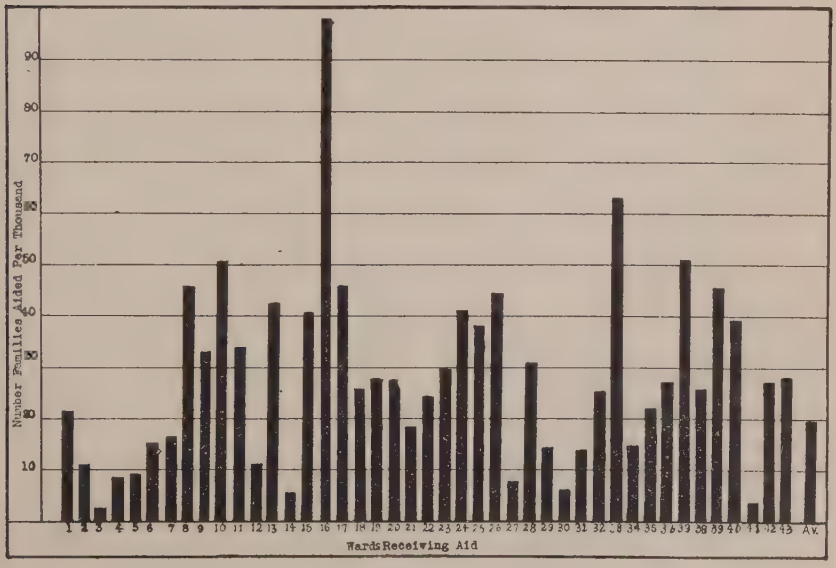
Situation No. 4. That the bishops are not as yet well enough trained in Social Work to bring about a well standardized roll is obvious from a tabulation based on the number per 100 aided in each ward in the county.

Chart No. 2

L. D. S. Bishops do a tremendous amount of unpaid altruistic work. They therefore have good reason for being the least willing to inform themselves about social work of any of the groups who have major responsibilities in this field. Chart No. 2 indicates the number of families per 1000 population receiving church aid in each of the wards in the county studied. The astonishing extent of variability is evident at once. The range of difference lies between 2.5 families per 1000 and 97.8 per 1000 of population. In the lavish ward 53 families out of a population of 542 were given aid. This means nearly one-half of the people of the ward. In the frugal ward one family only out of a ward population of 406 was given assistance. If the county commissioners are going to rely on the bishops for a satisfactory relief list the information contained in this chart, is not encouraging.

Situation No. 5. But that the combined effort of the Relief Societies and of the bishops is nevertheless leavening the social work lump in the localities is clear when we check

Chart No. 2
Number of Families Aided by L. D. S. Church per Ward: in ----- County 1931

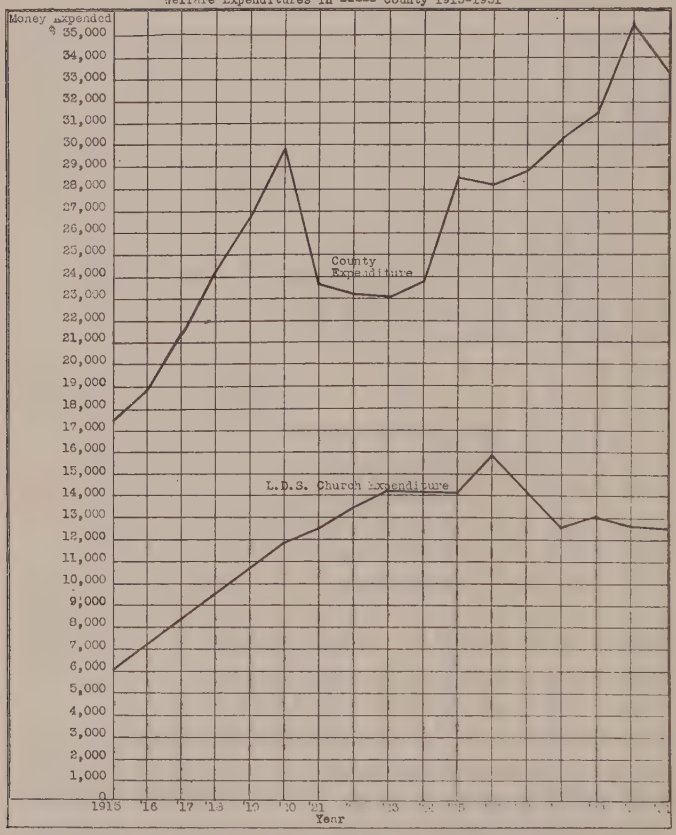


on the presence of a standardized procedure in adapting efforts to the business cycle.

Chart No. 3

This line chart covers the period 1915-1930 and shows total church and total county relief expenditures for each year. During most of this time the county appropriation was more than twice as large as that of the church. The church expenditures, however, were much more consistent. When times were bad, expenditures rose to meet the need, when good times came relief declined. The upper, or county line, strongly suggests the philosophy that the poor fund is a sort of a residual receptical into which, when times are good and tax receipts large, money flows, and when times are bad and tax receipts small, the stream dries up and help is withheld. Note the sharp decline in 1920 and the relatively low expenditures between 1920-24, all through the depression when the need for assistance was greatest. Note also the astonishing climb upward during the good times between 1924-30. In the absence of developed agencies to do rehabilitation work, this kind of expenditure cannot but promote pauperization.

Chart No. 3
A Comparison of County and L. D. S. Church
Welfare Expenditures in ----- County 1915-1931



It would be possible to go on for a long time and point out socially harmful things which result from unstandardized procedure. But I cannot use the important time at my disposal to do this further.

Standardized Developments Needed in County Welfare Work

WHAT I want principally to attempt to do is to direct your attention to a few of the major standardized developments — the spinning wheel, the power loom and the steam engine—if you will, of social work standardization which are necessary to a real development of social and community organization within the counties. I shall discuss this matter under the headings: (1) Relationship with politics, (2) Use of research (3) Accessibility of information (4) Acquirement of a case-working agency (5) Sustaining community organizations and (6) Keeping systematic records.

1. Separation from politics.

In county welfare work a welfare personnel should be developed which is separated from politics in the narrow sense. The social work field can no more afford to accept of political appointees than can the probation service of the Juvenile Courts. Both probation workers and social workers should have training and skill.

I have taken some time in the introductory part of this paper to attempt to tell you why "politics" or the older political methodology was a relatively low grade method of handling social and economic problems. Since our welfare is increasingly dependent on wise solutions of these larger problems, it is more and more important that we minimize politics and strengthen the forces that underly standardization. I believe we are doing this more rapidly right now in our national government than we have ever done in our history, but in the main our progress is slow. Social work in the counties should be relieved from the painful and discouraging and thwarting experiences which dominance by politicians brings. This release is not an idle dream. In quite a number of places where public interest is enlightened and public spirited men have found their way into responsible positions in the government, social work has been taken out of politics. Cook County made great strides in this direction before the depression. Denver social work has been emancipated for many years. Where the menace of politics is removed and responsibility is centralized, standardization moves along at a rapid pace and the people receive that great blessing—efficient public service—so much needed and yet so infrequently found in our struggling democracy.

2. Research is important.

Research is necessary to standardized practice and it must be a continuous process. The Utah Agricultural College has done some work in this field during the past few years. For a great organization like the church it is possible that this work could be done to advantage from within. With enlargement of the work, the Relief Society is doing, a research department of highly trained people with adequate equipment, could perhaps be developed as a part of the work of the Central Relief Society Welfare Department, or as a division of the Presiding Bishop's Office, or perhaps through a close integration with the Church, University, or the Sociology departments of the three Utah colleges. Through research it is possible to integrate the church in its various departments with advancing knowl-

edge in such a way that the people are served adequately in the hour of their need through a growing structure of social organization adapted to 20th century conditions. Strange as it may seem to some of us who have been looking backward so long, it is nevertheless a fact that we are living in the 20th Century even though we are attempting to do so through 18th Century slogans, attitudes, stereotypes and methods. Well developed research —respected, honored, and adequately rewarded—is necessary in a well functioning regime. A central research staff could serve the research needs of the localities.

3. Ready accessibility to information is needed.

Standardization requires that machinery be devised so that knowledge of the local situation—essential welfare facts—be made available to those who are doing welfare work in the county. Two lines of development are possible. 1st, If a half-dozen or more local relief organizations are going to carry on relief programs, an exchange for clearing names is necessary. Such an exchange does not need to cost much in a county seat where a welfare department is established or a co-case worker is employed. A little clerical help and considerable cooperation by the agencies is all that is needed. With clearing machinery available it becomes possible for the different agencies to cooperate by supplying each other with basic information, so that they can operate intelligently themselves and can avoid the grave mistakes that people make who attempt to work at night without a light. It is not too much to say that where a considerable number of agencies are operating an exchange is as important to standardized practice as a head light is to night driving with an automobile. A social worker cannot afford to work in the dark. The second possibility in the rural counties where the people are exclusively L. D. S. is for all of the agencies including the county itself to go out of the business of handling welfare work and turn it over entirely to the Relief Societies. This does not mean that the several agencies could not continue to raise funds, but having raised them good results can come only if they are turned over to one organization to plan their expenditure and to formulate a unified program. If one agency does all the work it is not necessary to clear names. If this development were followed it would be necessary for the county to go out of the welfare field much more fully than it has done up to date in any of the counties where the so-called combination plan has been adopted. Let me cite an example. In a combination county the commissioners rule that they will not place anyone on the county roll who has not been recommended by the bishop. In this way they hope to get a good county relief list. Do they get it?

Several obstacles stand in the way. 1. Bishops differ, some want a large number of people from their ward on the County list. Other bishops want only a few or none. Again the County Commissioners retain final control for they do not put everyone on who is recommended by a bishop. While on the surface it looks as though the bishops would have considerable say-so as to who goes on, they really have very little control. As a matter of fact, the County roll in the counties where the combination plan is in effect is a very much unstandardized, unsatisfactory roll. The making up of the relief roll whether it be by the County, the ward bishop, or the Relief Society President is a most import-

ant thing and should be based on adequate knowledge. This knowledge should include satisfactory information on: (1) income (2) ownership of property including particularly house, garden space and farm (3) indebtedness (unsecured, mortgaged, interest rate and time due, payment obligation, etc.) (4) size of family (number now at work and number available for employment, number of dependents, etc.) (5) location and financial situation of relatives.

So if the development takes the form of withdrawal so that all agencies withdraw from administration and direct their financial support to the Relief Societies, it will be necessary for the counties, the bishops, the Elks, the Rotary, Lions, Kiwanis, B. P. W., etc., to withdraw in a much more complete sense than they have yet conceived of, if a unified, standardized program is to be developed. If this is not done there is only one other answer. A county case worker must be employed and some clearing machinery developed if the "spinning jenny" of social work is to be started.

4. Local divisions need a trained case working agency.

If we call the social service or confidential exchange the "spinning jenny" of standardized social work, I am going to designate the trained case-working agency the steam engine. Should a rural county have a trained case-worker? I do not see how a rural county is going to get very far with social work standardization if it has no one in it who is adequately trained in this profession. In the older professions of medicine, law and teaching, the state does not allow one to practice without adequate training and an examination to attest minimum knowledge. Now although social work is one of the newer professions and the state has not yet prohibited practice to those who are without minimum training, it is nevertheless true that a profession has arisen and a considerable portion of those who are in it are as highly trained as any in the older professions. The extent to which these trained workers have come into possession of knowledge that is helpful to rural people represents the measure of their desirability. No standardization is possible without knowledge. If trained people are brought in, then we appropriate the developments that have been made elsewhere. When America was settled we brought the civilization of Europe with us and began not at the bottom but on the pinnacle to which the most advanced nations had slowly climbed. If rural people want to hold their own it seems reasonable to say that they must learn to so shape their social organization that the stores of knowledge on which progress depends is open to them. In some lines such as the consolidated school this is being done.

If there are in a county 100 volunteer workers who are spending from 1/10 to ½ of their time in welfare work; if there is being spent in this county, through all sources from $50,000 to $75,000 a year, it looks reasonable that such a rural county should employ a qualified case worker to join with the volunteer workers in setting up necessary machinery.

5. Community service institutions are necessary.

Among the dominant developments which standardization is dependent upon and one which I shall liken to the power loom of the Industrial Revolution, is the development in the local area (in most cases the county) of welfare service institutions on which the social worker relies for help to carry out her program. Among these are hospitals where those who cannot pay may

be served—clinics, prenatal, well-baby, pre-school, child-guidance, venereal and tubercular, which carry at minimum expense, to those who stand in need, preventive and curative knowledge—classes for the handicapped—access to institutions for orphaned and dependent children—welfare work in the schools through the school physician, the school nurse and the physical education departments. Some cities have made a great development in this field. Rochester, New York, for instance, employs 20 full time doctors, 40 full time nurses, 31 visiting teachers. In addition special classes for the handicapped are provided and an employment service aids older children who must leave school for work. A local area needs further an efficient Juvenile Court system with a well trained and well developed probation department—a visiting teacher service to assist parents and teachers with problem children—a well managed Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A., Y. M. M. I. A. and the Y. L. M. I. A.—a Boy Scouts unit, 4H Clubs, Future Farmers, all representing community organizations which the well use. But they are also tremendously important to the social worker who must draw heavily on them to assist the family that is sinking down into a financial morass. You see good social work is pretty closely associated with healthy community life.

6. Systematic Record Keeping.

Now I want to mention one more item that needs badly to be standardized and that is an adequate system of keeping records of essential data.

Record keeping is the waterloo of the volunteer social worker and of the average probation officer and yet adequacy in record keeping is one of the greatest needs in welfare work today. Everywhere planning is dependent on records, and it is in planning that our great hopes for the future lie. A 4H Club boy knows that he must keep a record of every item of cost in his project. A competent housewife knows the value of her budget. To a welfare worker, the essential facts about a case represents the foundation on which she begins to build. These facts must be written down. A volunteer worker needs a simpler system than the professional worker. A decided improvement here is greatly needed in rural areas right now. The development requires an increase in efficiency and training on the part of those who keep the records as well as an improvement in the recording system. It is interesting and encouraging to note that the Relief Societies are working hard on this problem and are making commendable progress.

Conclusion

PROGRESS in the counties in welfare work then is dependent on a standardization of the principal basis on which the profession of welfare work has developed. These are: (1) Separation from entangling alliances with politics. (2) Acceptance of and encouragement of research. (3) The development of a satisfactory case working agency. (4) The devising of a uniform system of records and (6) the keeping alive and healthy of community organizations and agencies through which the case worker can supply her clients with the sustenance spiritual and recreational as well as material on which their health as citizens depends. For it is her task and her joy to keep alive and healthy the action springs and the drives, the ideals, and the ambitions, the hopes and the faith which enable one to say in his heart, as he faces the opportunities and the demands of the fast fleeting days—I shall not fail.

"The Minichoor"

To My Mother

By Ruth Partridge Richan

MID-WAY between Salt Lake City and Beaver, the long low touring car came to a stop, limping off the road into the shade of a lone service station. A young man crawled out and looked ruefully at a defunct rear tire, removing his sun glasses and digging the sand out of his ears.

"It's no go dear, the tire is flatter than the instep of a goose. Might as well have it fixed right here. Lucky too, this might have happened out in the sticks."

There was a small sound of fury from the car. "The sticks—and what would you call this pray?"

"Oh it might be worse, with a garage right here. The house back there has a big porch covered with vines. You can wait there it will be much nicer than sitting in the sun in some of the country we have just come through. It won't be long anyhow—"

"It won't be long! I can't remember when I haven't been in this dust and heat."

"Only three hours! dear—"

"Don't 'dear' me—nothing would do, I had to come. Three hours of —*this*—and why? Don't ask me. No man with any sense would have business in this wilderness to start with, let alone bringing me down here on a jaunt like this—it's disgusting. And when I get down there, we'll have the drive back again, and all this over—"

"Are you going to sit here in the sun, or are you going up on that porch in the shade—no one wishes any more devoutly than I do that you were at home. However there's no use in having a scene for the benefit of the public."

THE girl in the blue coat shot a quick look at her husband. His mouth had a queer tight look around it, so she turned the handle and stepped thoughtfully out of the car. The dust slopped up over her slippers, and seeped into her sheer hose in a hot wave. As if to add the proverbial "last straw," a scarf on her dress caught a loop on the car handle and tore loose, breaking the clasp on her brooch and dropping it into the red dirt. Down on her silken knees the girl hunted frantically for her treasure. "Oh! Is there anything left for me to do on this trip to make it more unbearable? If I have lost it, I'll never forgive you—never—I hate this dirt, and this heat, and this awful monotony—I almost hate you—I—I—here it is—but if—"

"Having trouble, folks?"

"Well, yes. My wife thought she had lost a pin—and it's rather hot—"

"Um huh. I see," there was a twinkle of blue eyes in a sunburned old face. The girl in the blue coat walked away without a word, up the path to the old stone house vine covered and cool that looked out on to the rolling sand hills. In the green depths of the porch she heard the creak of a laboring rocking chair, and a tremulous old voice singing "Come, come ye Saints."

"Pardon me, can I sit here while our car is being repaired?"

The creaking and singing stopped abruptly and a thin, gray little old

lady came to the edge of the steps, and resting her hands on the shoulders of the girl in the blue coat, she peered into her face. "Sakes alive, you're covered with dirt. Come in the house a spell. Take off your coat and shake out the dust. Hot ain't it? Here's a pail of fresh water—wait I'll get a clean cup. Take off those glasses—nice to travel in ain't they? Beats all what folks thinks up for comfort these days—would you care for some fruit?"

"No really, it is too much bother—well maybe just a little. I'll just leave my coat here, and you must come out and finish shelling your peas."

Soon the rocking chair was busy again. "Where do you hail from?"

"Salt Lake City."

"You don't say—going to California?"

"Oh no. Around Beaver somewhere. My husband is interested in a farm in that vicinity."

"Aim to settle there?"

"Oh no—no—"

THE little old lady chuckled at the vehemence in the city girl's voice. "Take off that hat and rest your head. My sakes, child, what hair! And you never cut it? Most young women cut their hair now-a-days. Never saw nicer hair but once. That was years ago. *She* was bound for Beaver too."

"Who was?"

"The girl with the beautiful hair. I always think of her that way. It was the color of honey, even through the red dust."

"Dust—ugh—did they have it then too?"

"Land-a-livin', there was no pavement and surfaced roads in them days. The dust came half way up to the hubs."

"Oh pioneer times you mean."

"Well, yes—and no. There's pioneers in every time, but this was only about eighteen ninety-eight. These people were coming from Provo. The husband was going to teach school at the old Academy at the Fort. Since then the school has been given up."

"Did you say they were from Provo about thirty years ago?"

"Yess'm. Why?"

"Oh—nothing. How—how did you find out?"

"Ask'em. I declare I've forgot the name they give."

"Would you tell me about them? I'd like to hear the story and it will help pass the time—"

"Why yes, I'll tell you. There's nothing I'd rather do than spin yarns, if I can get anyone to listen. Now let's see. It was the early summer of ninety-eight when they pulled into our place. (My husband was a blacksmith in them days.) There was quite a little settlement here, a farm or two. Well, they were a sorry looking outfit I can tell you. A hay-rack was first, hitched to two tired horses, then tied on back was an open buggy—and tied on back of the buggy was a cow. Yess'm. Quite a little parade in all. The hay-rack was full of furniture. The girl with the honey colored hair was in the buggy—and what else do you think? Well sir, there was plants! As sure as I'm sittin' here, she had that buggy full of plants. There was a little covered glass jar of mossy looking stuff she had brought from the East—"

"From the East?" said the girl in the blue coat faintly—

"Yes, she wasn't a Western girl I learned later. Then she had a cala lily, and a big rubber plant and a marguerite—well in all she had a buggy full. There was no top on

the buggy and she sat in the middle of it all, holding a blue and white striped parasol over her head. Her big hat was tied on with a scarf, and fastened with a picture pin—a 'minichoor' she called it."

"A picture pin—"

"Yes ma'm. Her eyes were the color of the stripes in the parasol, and through all the dust and dirt, she was the most beautiful girl that ever I saw. When she took down her hair that night, it came to her knees. And she was so tired. The second day out from home they broke the standard on the wagon. Then south of 'Washboard Valley' they stuck in the sand, and had to unload everything to get out, and she was so sick—"

"Sick?" faintly—

"Yes. Baby sick. Her little girl was born at Christmas time. She told me that when she couldn't stand it any longer, her husband would stop the outfit and milk the cow tied on behind. The warm milk stayed down better than anything. They couldn't travel very fast on account of the critter on back. It took them eight days to go to Beaver."

"Eight days!"

"And such a time as they had. They spent one night at Cove Fort, and one night they slept in the sulphur caves—the road don't go there now. And one night—I declare it seems like yesterday—they put up for the night at a squatter's down the road a-piece. The hut had only two rooms in it, and these folks got the floor of one of the rooms. They were there for breakfast. I don't know how they managed, these squatters were a shiftless outfit. No forks to eat with, and mighty few knives and everybody dipping out of the same pot. Come to think of it, the squatter outfit left the country mighty sudden after a man that stayed there one night came up missing. The general opinion was that he was murdered for his money. Never could prove nothin' for we never found hide nor hair of him after."

"Horrors!"

"Of course folks had to carry

COVE FORT

water in them days for their horses. I recollect they filled their barrels at Smith's. Old Meg Smith told me later that they were full up in the house and so the teacher and his wife slept out by the hay stack, and during the night an old mother pig and her babies rooted them out of bed."

"Why didn't my f—I mean why didn't her husband send her on the train to Milford and then by stage to Beaver—there was a train wasn't there?"

"Yes there was a train, but no money. He was in debt for his schooling back East where he met her, and teachers here in those days got payed mostly in scrip and produce—and by produce I mean mostly sow-belly and potatoes."

THERE was silence on the shady porch except for the squeak of the rocking-chair and the cheerful sound of peas rattling into the pan.

"Imagine a man taking a sick wife on a jaunt like that—it's—it's awful. Things are bad enough the way I—the way it is now with cars and doctors—"

"Well yes, but look, she would have had to travel all alone without him, her being a stranger in the country. In those days people took hardship as it came, expectin' it. And, honey, it was no picnic for him either, and after all, she was his wife. I've often wondered how the little baby got along. I only saw it once. Guess I'd have heard if it hadn't done well. I mostly heard everything. People used to neighbor in those days and tell the news instead of whizzing by like a cyclone the modern way. Well here comes your husband. Yes, yes, come right up, I've been spinnging yarns for your wife."

"That was nice of you," said the man in the sun glasses but his eyes were troubled. "I was thinking dear, if you would rather stay here, I could go on down alone. The old gentleman says they could put you up for the night. It is rather a hard trip and I know you feel rocky—"

"Why—why no—I, that is—it won't be so bad from now on, and Dr. Benton said there was no danger—it's just a few hours—"

"Well if you really want to come, but we won't take any more trips like this until—well, for a while at least. Thanks to you folks for the nice rest and the fruit, we'll stop in on our way back to rest and get a drink of that nice cold water. Good-bye."

"Good-bye to you, take care of yourselves."

There was silence for several miles in the long low car.

"Comfy?"

"Yes—and I'm sorry I was cross, I was so tired—"

"I know. I never should have brought you but you're so precious to me now I can't bear to leave you."

Eight days, eight days, sang the tires on the pavement.

"Oh, I'm much better now. I've been taking a sort of cure. And dear, when we get back will you get my miniature fixed? You know I think a lot of it, it was my mother's."

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod
And waits to see it push away the clod
Trusts in God.

—*Bulwer-Lytton.*

Be Genuine—Be Yourself—Recognize Worth of Others

Given over KSL, Dec. 9, 1932

By Elise B. Alder

RALPH WALDO TRINE says, "To be one's self is the only worthy, and by all means the only satisfactory thing to be." "May it not be good policy to be governed sometimes by one's surroundings? What is good policy? To be yourself first, last and always."

No man is geniune who is forever trying to pattern his life after the lives of other people. We should be ourselves. Our foundation is made up of high ideals and standards. The art of being human begins with the practice of being genuine and following standards of conduct which the world has tested.

One author says, "Forget effects and be yourself. Have a good time with all your heart and mind and strength. Show that you're having it. Take as many others in on it as you can. And you'll find people gravitating in your direction."

We must just be ourselves and make the most of what we are by all means, and be sure we glorify the things we have.

Marden says, "There is no fate or destiny which puts one man down and another up. It is not in our stars but in ourselves that we are underlings. He only is beaten who admits it. The world belongs to him who can conquer it."

We are responsible for the right use of our talents and must use and enjoy those we now possess and be grateful for our present opportunities and blessings and trust our ability and the future to bring what is good and best for us. We should spend our time in being what we are, not in trying to appear what we are not. Simplicity and sincerity are divine qualities leading to fineness and beauty of life. Let us apply the truth which we now possess and still greater truth will be revealed to us. It would be well to take Polonius' advice to his son: "This above all to thine own self be true, and it will follow as the night the day thou cans't not then be false to any man."

One of the most marked tests of character is the manner in which we conduct ourselves toward others. A graceful behavior toward superiors, inferiors, and equals is a constant source of pleasure to ourselves. Every person may, to a large extent, be a self educator in good behavior, as in every thing else; he can be civil and kind, if he will, though he has not a penny in his purse. Courtesy is necessary even if it were not profitable in business affairs, the consciousness of having borne one's self like a gentleman or lady in all circumstances is worth much more than any temporal prosperity it may help to secure. One author says, "The good mannered can do without riches. All doors fly open to them and they enter everywhere without money and without price." The courteous person is courteous to the poor and humble and unfortunate as well as to the fortunate.

Courtesy shows in the outward actions, but it lives in the heart and

he who wishes to give pleasure to others and also produce happy impressions of himself must be courteous. It is simply the doing and saying of the appropriate and suitable things at the right moment and in a gracious and suitable way, or in simpler words: "It is the doing and saying the kindest things in the kindest way."

Every person has something of worth and we should recognize it. The habit of recognizing the worth of others will be worth a great deal to any one before his or her life is over. Let us think highly of those about us and give them the benefit and encouragement of our most generous thoughts and appreciation.

Marian M. Hudson says in her "Appreciation Delayed."

"Somewhere in the future, God knows where
These tired hands will lie at rest—and then
The friends and loved ones will recall with tears
Some kindly deed they wrought in bygone years.
Will ponder o'er those little acts again
And register them all on heart and brain.
My precious ones, why wait?
Tell me today
If ever hands of mine have soothed your way.

WE should cultivate a spirit of appreciation and gratitude for others and what they have done for us and mean to our life and with Ella Wheeler Wilcox we say:

"Love thyself last. Look near, behold thy duty
To those who walk beside thee down life's road.
Make glad their day by little acts of beauty
And help them bear the burden of earth's load.

"Love thyself last. And oh, such joy shall thrill thee,
As never yet to selfish souls was given
Whate'er thy lot, a perfect peace will fill thee
And earth shall seem the ante-room of Heaven.

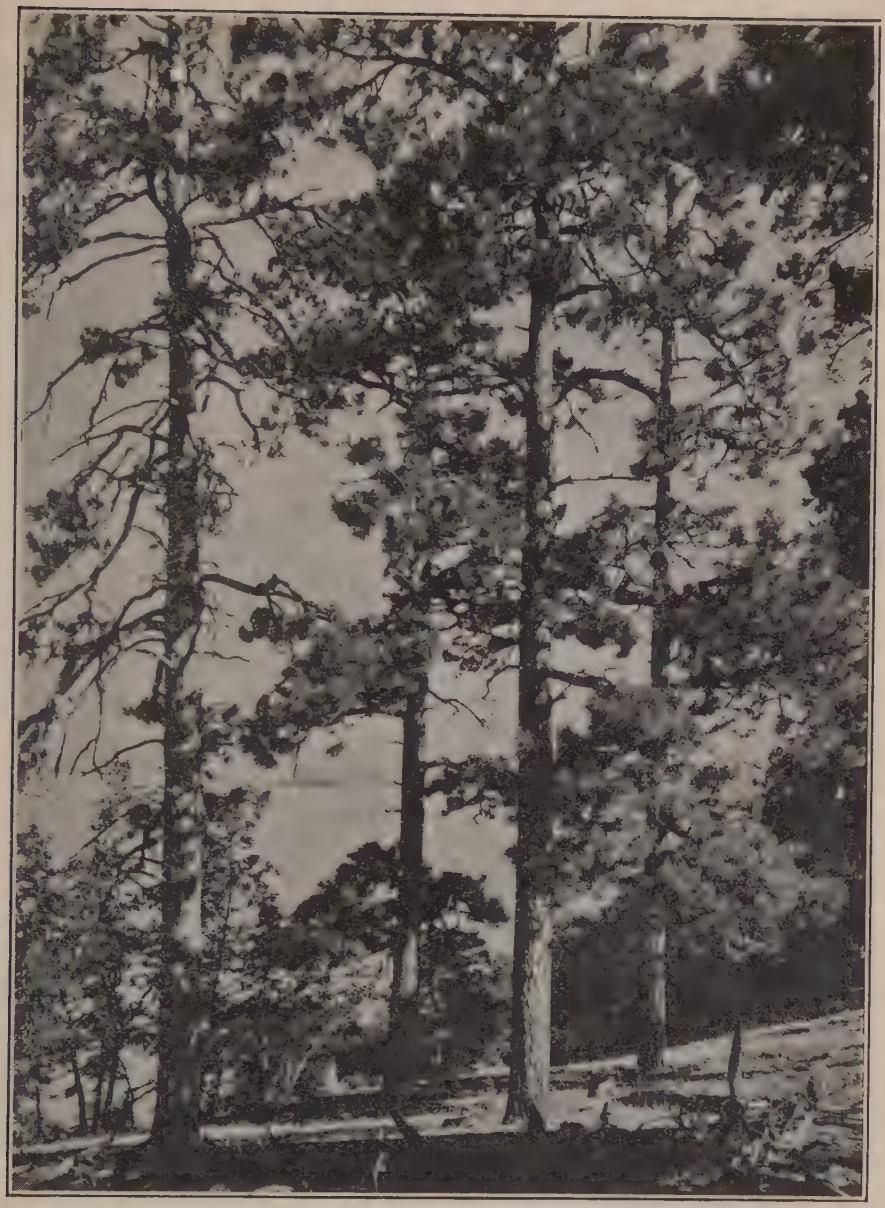
"Love thyself last, and thou shall grow in spirit
To see, to hear, to know, and understand
The message of the stars, lo, thou shall hear it,
And all God's joys shall be at thy command."

"Happiness does not consist of what we have but what we are; not in our possessions but in our attitude towards them. It is the serenity of the soul in the presence of a present joy."

"The smallest pool of water can mirror the sun, it does not require the ocean."

Let us live to our possibilities for a single day, and we will not have to die to get to Heaven; we will be making Heaven for ourselves and for others right here today on this little earth of ours.

"As a man thinketh so he is
Health walks where pain has trod
As a man thinketh, so he is
Rise then, and think with God."



MORMON LAKE FRINGED WITH YELLOW PINE TIMBER

The largest body of fresh water in Arizona. It is located in the Coconino National Forest of Arizona.

Prohibitionists, Fight On!

Address of Senator Morris Sheppard
Before Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement, Thursday Evening, April 13, 1933, *in Washington, D. C.*

THE return of beer and the submission to the states of the question of repealing the 18th Amendment make it necessary to press with added energy and determination the fight on beverage alcohol. A new generation has come upon the scene since the advent of national prohibition, a generation unfamiliar from the standpoint of experience with the evils of legalized liquor. The most extensive campaign of false insinuation and assertion any nation ever knew has been constantly under way against prohibition.

We must resist the return of this traffic with all the fervor and the power at our command and the best way to resist is to attack.

We must not permit this nation to forget that a legalized liquor trade means a lower form of civilization. We must not permit this nation to forget that beverage alcohol is one of the most prolific sources of impoverishment, misery, disease and crime. We must not permit this nation to forget that alcoholic liquors spread and multiply these evils to such an extent as to prevent for vast numbers of people the proper enjoyment of the fundamental rights to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

I know that we may boast of material assets surpassing those of the remainder of the globe—of an imperial sweep of mountain, forest, river, valley, lake and plain—of fields and mines and factories with outputs exceeding those of any other realm, of railroads, highways, mechanical contrivances, structures of steel and stone and wealth of every type on a scale never before observed in history. But above and beyond all these in true and lasting value are the men, the women and children of this republic. In helping to place the returns for human toil on a substantial and hopeful basis by diverting earnings from beer dispensaries and other saloons to savings, in helping to save American motherhood from the menace of drinking and drunken husbands, in helping to banish the terror from the souls of children cowering beneath the frowns and blows of intoxicated parents, in helping to abolish the use as a beverage of that powerful and alluring narcotic poison, alcohol, a poison destructive of the human organism and of the foundations of society and free institutions, prohibition conserves and protects humanity's most vital values.

One of the causes which brought about national prohibition was the inborn lawlessness of the liquor traffic—its ruthless and continuous violation of every law enacted for its regulation. The day after beer was again authorized Washington newspapers began to report violations of the provision in the Congressional act restoring beer in the District of Columbia forbidding sales to minors and also to report threats of prosecution by the authorities.

The resubmission of the 18th Amendment and the restoration of beer in defiance of the Constitution were precipitated mainly by propa-

ganda as truthless as it was persistent.

It was said that drinking and drunkenness increased under prohibition when the reverse was true. A careful survey by a statistical agency of the United States government in 1931 showed that if every source of the illegal production and sale of liquor had been fully utilized in 1930 and the quantity thus produced and sold had been entirely consumed the volume consumed would not have been more than a third as great as that consumed in the peak wet year of 1914. It was by no means certain, however, that even this possible third had been actually produced or consumed. At the rate of decrease shown by this governmental survey consumption of intoxicating liquor would have been reduced to unimportant proportions in this country within a generation. It is true that arrests for drunkenness increased under prohibition, but this does not mean that drinking increased. Arrests for drunkenness were made on a far stricter basis after the enactment of national prohibition. Before prohibition an intoxicated person would not be arrested if not actually disturbing the peace or if not endangering his own safety or the safety of others. After prohibition far stricter standards governed arrests for intoxication and many police departments issued instructions for the arrest of anyone involved in traffic law violation who had the odor of liquor on his breath. It has been said by police chiefs that if the same rules governing arrests for intoxication had been followed before the enactment of prohibition there would have been ten times more arrests before prohibition than during prohibition.

It was said that there were more speakeasies during prohibition than there were saloons before prohibition. And yet a government survey in two of the wettest cities in America, New York and Detroit, showed this charge, so far as these cities, where there would probably have been more speakeasies than anywhere else, were concerned, to be an exaggeration bordering upon the ludicrous. For instance the number of speakeasies in the city of New York was asserted to be all the way from 32,000 to 60,000. The government survey showed 3,934 places where liquor might have been sold—of which 2,182 were reported speakeasies—927 were restaurants—286 were cordial shops, and 119 were night clubs. It was claimed that there were 28,000 open illegal saloons in Detroit. The government survey showed 1,561 suspected premises.

It was argued that increase in crime was due to prohibition whereas noted and established criminologists took the opposite position after studying the situation from a purely scientific viewpoint.

It was asserted that the penitentiaries were overcrowded on account of convicted breakers of prohibition laws. The truth is that taking both state and federal penitentiaries into account dry law violators constituted about 5 percent of the prison population of America.

It was contended that prohibition suppressed personal liberty. The wets have never seemed to grasp the basic truth that liberty must be defined in terms of human welfare, that the right of a family to a decent and comfortable existence is superior to the right of individuals to drink intoxicating beverages, that frequently by repressing the liberty to do one thing we release and facilitate the liberty to do a better thing —that those who will not subordi-

nate physical appetite to the general good do not exhibit the best conception of citizenship.

It was claimed that the 18th Amendment was adopted without due consideration. Let us see. That amendment was ratified by legislatures elected mainly in 1916 and 1918. National prohibition amendments had been pending in Congress since December, 1913, and the whole nation was on notice that both Congress and the states might be called upon to act upon the question at any time. Both in Congress and the states the issue of nationwide prohibition was actively, earnestly and continuously debated and considered from December, 1913, until submission by Congress in 1917 and from that time until ratification by all the states but two.

It was said that prohibition sent forth an army of federal spies and meddlers. Outside of those doing clerical and legal work there were about 1,700 federal officials engaged in prohibition enforcement, a mere handful scattered among 123 million people and over an area of about 3 million square miles. And yet the wet propagandists called that little group an army threatening the home, menacing privacy, and imperiling the liberty of the American people.

It was asserted that the return of legalized liquor would promote temperance and moderation. As if there could be temperance in evil, or moderation in wrong.

The supreme call of this mechanical age, an age in which the operation of machine power constitutes the basis of existence and of progress, is for the absolute prohibition of intoxicating liquor—for the steady nerve, the unwavering hand, the unclouded brain. Who wants to ride upon a railroad train with a moderate drinker for an engineer? Who desires to become a passenger in an automobile with a moderate drinker for a driver, or in an airplane with a moderate drinker for a pilot? Who would feel secure on an ocean liner charging the darkness and the storm with a moderate drinker at the wheel, or a so-called temperate indulger on the bridge? Who would willingly submit to the knife of a surgeon moderately under the influence of drink? Science has shown that a single glass of beer will slow up for four hours the muscular reactions and nerve reflexes rendering it difficult, if not impossible, for the imbiber to make the quick decision and take the rapid action necessary in emergencies for the preservation of life and limb.

Repeal the 18th Amendment, continue beer and wine or any other form of beverage alcohol, and such action would be interpreted as an invitation to the use of intoxicants, an approval of the liquor trade, especially when the government shares its profits as a source of revenue—a trade that takes terrific toll in broken hearts, in shattered bodies and in wasted lives.

Such action would signify a reversal of form which would make this country the jest and sport of all mankind and would extinguish as pure a light as any nation ever lifted for the leadership and guidance of humanity.

Prohibitionists, fight on!

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

JUNE—Now is the commencement of life's great adventures, when blue skies and fragrant roses give promise of a rich fruition.

ISHBEL MacDONALD was again the recipient of many attentions while visiting in Washington this spring with her distinguished father.

MRS. NELLIE TAYLOR ROSS was in April appointed Director of the mint. She is now Madam Director, and takes place with Madam Minister Owen and Madam Secretary Perkins in official Washington.

VICTORIA CLAFLIN WOODHULL in 1873 and Belva Lockwood in 1884 were nominated at an Equal Rights Convention for president of the United States. The pioneer suffragists had vision, what then seemed impossible, in 1933 as one reads the names of women holding responsible positions does not appear so improbable.

HELEN ROGERS REID of New York received the degree of Doctor of Humanities from Rollins College for her philanthropic and sympathetic understanding of the poor.

MRS. FORD CARTER has been appointed director of fashions for the World's Fair. She hopes by their exhibits to raise the standards of tact and culture of American women.

MISS ELIZABETH FITZGERALD of Salt Lake's West High School has been selected by the National Federation of Business and Professional Women to be one of a group to study economic and social conditions in Europe this summer.

MRS. KATE KENTLING who came to America with Maximillian when Napoleon 3rd sent him to Mexico to become emperor, died last month in St. Louis. She was lady in waiting to the Empress Carlotta.

AMELIA EARHART PUTNAM has recently been awarded the Harmon International trophy for her solo flight across the Atlantic. This trophy adds another distinct honor to the young aviatrix.

MARYSE HILZ, French aviatrix, has made the hop from Paris to Tokyo just to see Japan's cherry trees in bloom.

MRS. EMMA A. REYNOLDS, of Stotts City, Mo., has delivered rural mail over a district of thirty miles for the last 15 years without missing a single day. No wonder she is proud of her record.

MARTHA McKENNA'S "I was a Spy," called the greatest spy story of the World War, is placed in the Imperial War Museum, Kensington.

ZONA GALE'S new novel, "Papa La Fleur," has the action of a tragedy in a setting of rare beauty. It might almost be called a poem.

MATEEL FARNHAM, author of the $10,000 prize novel, "Rebellion," has just published a new novel, "Lost Daughter."

"NEVER Ask The End," by Anne Green; "The Home of Exile," by Nora Waln; "Human Nature," by Edith Wharton; "A Modern Pilgrimage," by Mary Berenson, are some of the latest books by women.

Convention of the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement

By President Louise Y. Robison

WASHINGTON, D. C., at Easter time, when cherry and magnolia blossoms are in their glory, the air fragrant with springing grass and budding tree—could there be a lovelier setting for a Convention?

Fortunate indeed were the delegates from thirty-eight states, who were permitted to attend the Convention of the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement, April 12-14, 1933.

The President, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody, was an inspiration—gracious, spiritual, efficient. The women who represented many affiliated organizations were most earnest in the support of the Constitution of the United States and the protection of the home and the children of our nation.

Executive sessions of the Convention were held in the beautiful Sun Room, Hotel Washington; the General Assemblies were in the Hall of Nations, in the same building.

It is difficult to select any outstanding feature of the Convention. Every moment was full of interest. Stirring addresses and earnest appeals for citizens to uphold the Constitution, including the Eighteenth Amendment, were made by United States Senator Arthur Capper, from Kansas, and Senator Morris Sheppard, from Texas. Talks and reports were made by women representing such organizations as the National Congress of Parents and Teachers, Federation of Women's Clubs, National Woman's Democratic Law Enforcement League, National Council Federated Church Women, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and many others, each pledging themselves and their organizations to support the Volstead Act and the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

Women were urged to use their franchise, not to form a new political party, not merely to vote on election day, but in each voting district to organize, and have women at the primaries with a list of men and women for office, who would represent the interests of the whole group—men, women and thirty million children.

Mrs. Joy Elmer Morgan, wife of the head of the National Association for Education by Radio, declared that "at least 1,000,000 students now in school would not be there, if liquor had been allowed to mortgage their parents' salary." Women in some localities had pledged themselves not to patronize any grocery store where beer was sold.

Telegrams of appreciation were sent from the Convention to many prominent officials, including Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, for the stand they had taken in preventing return of beer. Senator Capper declared the new Beer Bill breaks the Constitution.

On the third and closing day of the Convention—Good Friday—the women met in the early morning for prayer. It was the anniversary of the assassination of President Lincoln by a drink-crazed man. The morning was perfect. At ten-thirty

the women gathered at the Lincoln Memorial. On the steps of this impressive monument, overlooking the beautiful City of Washington, a "Petition to the Government for Redress of Grievances" was read by Mrs. A. Haines Lippincot, and approved by the hundreds of people present. Copies of the petition were sent to the President of the United States, and to both Houses of Congress.

The spirit of this group of women found expression in the words of the late Calvin Coolidge: "Laws must be justified by something more than the will of the majority. They must rest on the eternal foundations of righteousness."

Happy Mothers

By Marba C. Josephson

I

HOME, health and happiness are the just heritage of every child. But we busy mothers of small children often overlook home and happiness in our anxiety concerning health. Recent tabulations show that the depression has been really beneficial to health conditions. Reduced pay has meant simpler, more wholesome food. This means that there is less time spent in the preparation of meals. More time should be available for home and happiness. But I wonder whether we are making the most of these two factors during this time when we need particularly to emphasize them.

We are well aware of the fact that we must enjoy our children while they are young. It is only in their youth that they are wholly ours—later they rightly begin to belong to themselves and to others. Happy children make happy mothers; and it is equally true that it takes happy mothers to make happy children.

The home is the keystone of the happiness arch. By *home* I do not mean the bare essentials which make any house; rather I mean that pulsing, vibrant something which is felt by the stranger who happens to enter the door. Home, in order to be really a home, must harbor the spirit of comradeship that assures freedom, safety, and proper usage of authority.

Home is not made by elegant furnishings. In fact, a home for small children should be very simply but sturdily furnished. All true homes have to be lived in; they can't be mere show windows. Living in a home means that tired little feet must at times be braced against the furniture. If you have lovely upholstered suites, you will have a hard time to resist an alarming shout when you see dusty little heads pillowed on the cushions.

One of the first rules of home should be an avoidance of that paralyzing word "Don't." Therefore, if your household goods are an inheritance, as mine are, "rejoice and be exceeding glad," for they will undoubtedly hold together under rigorous children's activities better than the more up-to-date but frequently tawdry furniture of our own period. With these simple, easily cared-for furnishings, the children will feel free to develop naturally and live contentedly in the home. Mothers will be happier while the children are romping.

Here we should note also that simplicity of food and home furnishings should be extended to sim-

plicity of dress. Avoid as much washing and ironing as possible. See that the children's bodies and underwear are clean each day. Then let them enjoy themselves. I can't be grateful enough for the sun movement. Each summer I put my brood in cheap bathing suits and let nature take her course. It's comparatively easy to tub children and suits every evening. Both dry during the night and are ready for another day of happy, carefree play.

As Edgar A. Guest said, "It takes a heap o' livin' in a house to make a home." Each member will have to contribute to that living. No one can be interested permanently in anything unless it helps to reflect his personality. So each should be encouraged to aid in the development of the spirit of the home. But how?

A fireplace in a certain home is made entirely of family curios which have been cemented together. Interesting stones from national parks, fossils, samples of ores, mementoes of trips were all cemented into the front of the fireplace and truly made a hearthstone (heart stone) for the unity of that family.

Let your children begin their collection now. I know too well the reflex action of most of us when we see Jenny, John, and Martin running in with their pebbles, bits of glass, and broken crockery. Curb that tendency and encourage them in their seeking for new and attractive things. It will help them develop "the seeing eye." Provide each child with a box (your grocer will be only too glad to let you have some of his empty cardboard cartons). Then you can say heartily, "Fine, Jenny. Take it to your box;" or, "Splendid, Martin. That's surely a pretty rock. Where'd you find it?" Every week or so the children will go through their boxes and weed out the less desirable articles; so the supply will be constantly diminished —to make room for more. This eliminating process will help the child develop the discriminating eye.

The individual box has another feature, besides preventing jagged nerves for mother, to recommend it: it helps the children learn the lesson of neatness. This properly placing of treasures helps the home tremendously and will point the way toward the habit of putting away all things. The lesson of tidiness is one which can't be started too early in youngsters' lives.

Living in the home means also the responsibility of caring for the home. Each member of the family should have some particular tasks to do from the time when he can first toddle. Even the twenty-month old child can do his mite by getting the potatoes or carrots and by putting the garbage, cans, and papers where they belong. The three-year-old can do some of the dusting—if you are wise enough to keep your house free from bric-abrac that acts as dust accumulators. The five-year-old can do most of the sweeping on porches and walks. The older ones can do their bits of the necessary work, boy and girl alike, unless the boy has outside chores to tend to. This dividing of work will relieve mother somewhat and will give her more time to help in the development of the mental and moral satisfactions of her little ones.

In addition to helping with the general work, each child should be taught to care for his own things. This training takes considerable time at the start. Mother often thinks, "Gracious, I can hang things up more quickly than Junior and without half the fuss." But if she insists on Junior's picking his things

up, she is helping him invaluably and is saving herself work in the long run. Of course, hooks and shelves must be placed low enough for tiny hands to reach.

The schoolroom method for caring for pairs of things, such as rubbers, galoshes, mittens, is worth following in the home. Get a box of clip clothespins. Select a bright color for each child: green for one, orange for another, red, etc., and dip several of the pins for each child. Keep these clips in a little box in a convenient place. When the children take off bedroom slippers (the loss of which caused much trouble in our home until we adopted this method), let them clip them together and put them away immediately. When they come romping in from their rainy day excursions, they will soon get the habit of pinning their rubbers together—and how that will help mother the next time they have to be donned.

One other very simple way of helping the home atmosphere is the naming of the place. Let the children help select the name. My urchins (impelled by a book we've been reading) are calling our dwelling "Rockabye Cottage," very appropriately. The naming of the home adds interest and gives it an individuality which will lend charm not only to the members of the family but also to those who are fortunate enough to come within its walls.

My plea is for a simple home and a wholesome manner of living—a home than can be easily and happily kept clean. I should like everyone to have a home that can be lived in comfortably by all members of the family; a home wherein the children can express their growing personalities. We mothers of these growing children need to plan to cut housework to a minimum in order that we may increase homework to a maximum. If the foundation of companionship and co-operation is well-laid during the early life of our children, we as parents can confidently await the completion of the structure when they are mature.

Wait

By Bertha A. Kleinman

Sodden with the winter's raining,
Has the summer found decay?
Wait—beneath the rust and staining
Time is spinning buds for May.

Thwarted amid doubt's disaster,
Blinded are the ways you go?
Wait—Time is the only master
And Truth is his ultimo.

Are the battle trenches gory,
Stretching on beneath the stars?
Wait—Time turns it all to glory,
Poppies heal the battle scars.

Are there mounds where memory hovers—
Blinding out the hope beyond—
Wait—a lichen veil he covers
Where the deepest grave has yawned.

Never feud or grudge or grievance,
Never mystery or doubt,
But awaiting Time's allegiance
Shall at last be blotted out.

Your House Beautiful

By Mabel Margaret Luke

V

Floors and Floor Coverings

THE study of floors is an important as well as fascinating field of interior decoration. The floor not only forms a part of the background of the room, but it is the structural foundation as well. It is the base on which the rest of the room scheme is built, and as such demands the most careful attention so that it will give a feeling of firmness just as does the earth in nature's landscape. It needs to be strong, comfortable to walk upon, as well as attractive in appearance.

The floor is much more important than merely a surface on which rugs are laid, but is a part of the scheme of the room, and if suitable and artistic helps convey an impression of beauty, richness and refinement, but if dull and unattractive it can easily spoil a successful effect.

It is not only necessary that the floor does support the room and its furnishings, but it must *appear* to do so as well. The eye must be convinced of the fact. If it is not the room will seem top heavy and without sufficient foundation. This result can be achieved by the use of three properties—color, texture and material.

Dark colors suggest stability, strength and support and give an impression of greater weight. They also suggest nearness while light colors give an effect of distance. All these factors make one feel instinctively the appropriateness of darker tones for the base. The balance of the room depends in a large measure on the floor being darker than the walls and ceiling. It should also key in or harmonize with the scheme of the room so that no conflicts will result.

A sense of support may also be conveyed by the texture, that is the density of a material. A heavy weave, or deep pile will give the effect of greater weight than a material of the same color in a flat, fine weave. Keeping this fact in mind one may use a rug lighter in color than the walls of the room if it is of heavy texture so that it has the appearance of weight and bulk.

This same thing applies in the field of structural floors as woods in natural finish, marbles, stone, tile, etc. Such floors as these are often seen in very light colors, even white, with walls of a deeper tone. But the sense of foundation and balance is kept because the material is so obviously structural that we instinctively know it is firm and capable of supporting weight. In old houses, especially of the early colonial period wide plank floors were common. Such floors even though light in color have a structural quality so evident in the narrow boards.

However, as a general and almost always applicable rule it is better to keep the floor darker than the walls so it will stay down as it is advisable to keep the ceiling light so it will stay up.

IN a room with a light floor it is sometimes possible to adjust the color values by using darker rugs. However, this brings up another problem—be careful that you do not get a spotty effect which is very possible especially with many small rugs.

There must not be too great a contrast of values so that undue attention is called to the floor which should be inconspicuous and quiet in effect.

To achieve this result it is necessary also that judgment be used in choosing patterned floor coverings. It is well to remember the principle of movement. Often the lines of a pattern form diagonal or zig-zag lines on the floor which are very annoying, and, being opposed to the lines of the room, are upsetting to the principle of structural unity. Large patterns should not be used in small rooms nor on small rugs.

A plain floor besides being a perfect background adds to the apparent size of the room. A carpet to the baseboard also gives this effect, while a number of small rugs appears to decrease its size. A too large room may be made to appear smaller if two medium size rugs instead of one large one are used. If your room is long and narrow and you wish it to appear wider lay long rugs across its width. One large rug or carpet unites the room and its furnishings.

Pattern is often very useful in achieving interesting results and is not to be despised, but it should be of conventional design, evenly covered over the surface, with no spots or medallions. Do not choose any pattern in which the movement is distracting or harassing.

Another important point which cannot be emphasized and repeated too many times is this: If the walls, drapery, or upholstery have conspicuous pattern the floor must be plain. Nothing is more distracting than an excess of pattern. Not only is the sense of repose destroyed, but the conflicting patterns ruin the effect of each other. Nor are all plain surfaces much better. A happy medium is best. Plain walls and floor allow much freedom in the choice of drapery and upholstery. Or with plain walls pattern may be used in the floor covering. To have no more than two surfaces with pattern (and these two must not include *both* the wall and floor) is a fairly safe guide in decorating a room.

RUGS and floor coverings should be purchased to harmonize with the general shape of the room, and be large enough so as to appear adequate. Do not pay for a floor covering until you see how it looks in place in your home. It may be very attractive in the shop, but utterly unsuited to your room, its furnishings and use.

There is a tendency to throw small rugs down at angles, creating lines in opposition to those of the room. When placing furniture in such a room it would have to be placed to harmonize either with the rugs or the room and there is more conflict. To avoid this condition there is a simple rule to follow—rugs must be laid parallel to the lines of the room and there is *never* an excuse to deviate from this principle.

The first floors were of dirt, later covered with rushes, then stones and finally wood. Today there are so many kinds of floors and finishes the question is—which shall it be? Shall it be of wood? or is the house of Spanish or Italian style in which marble, stone or tiles would be suitable? If of wood, what kind and how shall it be finished? If covered, shall it be carpet, rugs or linoleum, and what kind of pattern, if any? The way you answer these questions may mean success or failure in your decoration scheme.

In the United States wood is the material most commonly used for floors, either of soft or hard wood,

in natural finish, painted or stained. Floors of wood are warm and dry and grow mellow with the years, giving an effect of richness and charm. Hardwoods make the best floors, wearing more evenly and are more attractive. The woods most used are oak and maple. Softwoods of pine, fir and spruce are often used for floors, especially when they are to be covered or painted.

If the surface is good a natural finish is usually most satisfactory. Hardwoods are finished by sanding, then applying a coat of filler, one of shellac and finally two or three coats of paste wax. If it is desirable to make the floor darker, stain may be applied. A varnished surface is very good, although it will show wear in spots and must be refinished frequently. Wax may be applied over varnish and will preserve and protect it. Softwoods may be treated in the same way, and although not as durable as hardwood make very nice floors. If the floor surface is not good painting would be advisable, using deck paint or a good grade of floor enamel. It may then be waxed as any other floor, giving it an excellent finish. It may be mentioned in passing, that a floor painted black and waxed makes a most beautiful and distinctive floor and is especially suitable for modern decoration.

Waxed surfaces are especially lovely as they have a rich, subdued luster which adds cheerful warmth to the room, and enhances the beauty of the whole interior. The finish is lustrous without being glossy, which is the chief fault with varnish unless it is rubbed down. Wax has the advantage of not wearing off as does paint and varnish, and it protects the surface. Waxed floors are easily kept in good condition, wiping with a dry mop daily and cleaning occasionally with liquid wax. It will be necessary to rewax once or twice a year, removing the old wax with steel wool and turpentine. Do not use water on waxed floors, nor on any floors unless absolutely necessary, and then only mild suds, and dry quickly. Water penetrates the pores, rots and warps the finish and discolors the woods. Care must be exercised when applying wax that too much is not used and that it is thoroughly polished to prevent the slipperiness and accidents that may result.

Parquetry floors made of hardwood laid in designs are very lovely, dignified in appearance and suitable to many decoration schemes of the more formal type. In addition to the beauty of the wood they have the added charm of the shapes and lines of the patterns. They are treated in the same manner as hardwood floors.

Other structural floors are the mosaics, marble, composition, stone, tile and cement. If correctly handled they can fit into many decoration schemes in an interesting manner. Although these materials are nearly always light in color we get an effect of adequate weight because of the structural quality. Such floors insure a solid, permanent foundation. Stone floors are appropriate in country house or with furnishings of rugged character.

Marble, mosaic and terrazzo floors may be used with more refined furnishings. Tile, cement and brick are suitable in hallways, sunrooms, etc. All these floors are sanitary, fireproof and easily cleaned. They are, however, hard to walk on as they are not resilient. In using any of these materials in decorative schemes it is necessary to keep them in scale with the room and its furnishings. Tiles are especially suit-

able in Spanish and Italian rooms, also bathrooms, sunrooms and kitchens, as well as in vestibules and halls. They may be kept in good condition by going over them with a woolen rag dipped in milk, or on a large area with sawdust and linseed oil. Brick floors may be painted, varnished and waxed. Cement floors may be painted or the cement colored. Interest may be provided by insets of tiles or polychrome. They may be cleaned in the same manner as tile floors. Cement floors are often used in the basements of modern homes and may be made most attractive if given some thought in the decoration scheme.

There are in addition to these structural floors some composition materials that make excellent floors. Examples of these are rubber and cork tiles. They resemble tiles in shape and appearance but are resilient, elastic and are not noisy. They would be used in the same type of room tile is and are especially suitable in kitchen, bath, halls and libraries because of their qualities.

SOME of the principles involved in choosing rugs and carpets have already been discussed. A few other points may be mentioned here. The question is often asked—Which is better to use, rugs or carpets? This is largely a matter of personal preference. The rugs are more sanitary, and rooms having rugs are easier to clean than those with carpets. However, in this day of vacuum cleaners this may be only a minor consideration. If your room is very small a carpet will make it appear larger. Carpets over the floors of all the intersecting rooms will give a feeling of unity and increase the apparent size. This is especially important in apartment decoration.

Plain floor covering is always safe and beautiful. There is on the market a deep pile material which may be cut in any design you or your decorator may desire, the pieces being fitted together with tape on the reverse side giving a seamless effect. Plain surfaces have the disadvantage of showing every mark and footprint. In rooms that are used a great deal or where there are children the wisest choice is a rug or carpet with an all-over design, flat in effect, conventionalized in pattern which compactly covers the surface and has little contrast in values. There are many splendid patterns on the market.

The most important requirement in a floor covering is that it must be inconspicuous in pattern so that it will keep its place on the floor, and not seem to fly up to meet you when you enter a room. Some patterns seen in floor coverings certainly clamor for attention.

The materials mostly used in rugs are worsted, woolens, linens, cotton, hemp and jute. Worsted has the best wearing qualities. The main weaves are a plain weave as ingrain, or pile weave as velvets, Wiltons, etc. In choosing a rug the practical side must be considered also. Choose a rug suitable in weave and texture for the place in which it is to be used. Do not, for example, put a valuable rug of fine weave and materials in a front hall. Rugs that get a great deal of wear should have good cleaning qualities.

Many Oriental rugs are very lovely but they are not suitable for any and all schemes. Be sure the predominating color is in accord with the room. The people of the East have a wonderful faculty for handling color, and in some of the best Oriental rugs the colors are so blended that one gets the appearance of texture rather than pattern. If it

has perceptible design use care with other pattern in the furnishings of the room. Before investing in an Oriental rug make a study of them, read about them, and visit rug stores and dealers to get acquainted with them at first hand. A trade name is no guarantee of its quality.

Hooked, cross-stitch, braided, woven and rag rugs are very suitable in informal rooms as well as those of early American type and are most attractive.

Padding under rugs or carpets lengthens their life, improves the appearance and helps to deaden sound.

LINOLEUM is a comparatively new material that is gaining a larger place in decorative schemes every year. It comes in a variety of patterns and colors from which a choice may be made to suit almost any scheme. Linoleum is always suitable in kitchens, laundries and bath. For these rooms which are usually small it is best to choose the smaller tiles and patterns. But this is not the only place in which they are suitable. They are correct in any room in the house. However, decoratively speaking they must be considered in the same category their patterns represent. That is, if their design represents marble they are suitable for hall or large rooms of formal character. If tile or slate pattern they may be used where that material would be. There is an excellent linoleum made in imitation of Colonial wide-plank floors which is very suitable in early American rooms. Some patterns are made in imitation of carpets and rugs and would be used where the fabrics would be.

Inlaid linoleum is much more durable than printed and is usually more economical in the end. It should be cemented down by expert workman and you will have a permanent floor, over which, if you desire, you may put rugs as on any other floor. Linoleum is resilient. It is the easiest of all floors to keep clean. Printed linoleum should be varnished once or twice a year. Inlaid linoleum may be kept in good condition by waxing two to four times a year. It may be cleaned by dusting with a floor brush. When it becomes necessary to wash linoleum a mild soap suds should be used and only a small amount washed at a time. Caustic washing powders and alkaline soaps are harmful to linoleum.

IN choosing a floor or floor covering the type of room in which it is to be used, and the furnishings in the room must be considered. For example a dining room should have a rug without a deep pile for food particles to lodge in, and a texture not easily crushed. A living room needs a refined design yet substantial enough to give good wear. Caution must be exercised in the treatment of the bedroom floor that it is not too light for the walls. Dainty colors seem to belong in bedrooms and nurseries, but they should not be weak. Hooked, woven or braided rugs are especially suitable for these rooms. The ideal kitchen floor is durable, comfortable to walk and stand on, smooth but not slippery, attractive, and easily cleaned. A painted wooden floor, linoleum or rubber tile seems to meet most of these requirements. Tile or slate makes an attractive floor, easy to clean, but is very tiring and more or less noisy. They are more desirable in bathrooms.

Perhaps the problem confronting one is what to do with floors that are old and worn. In many houses we find floors of wide boards. Often

staining and shellacing will help, or if full of cracks and crevices putty or crack filler may need to be used and the floor painted or varnished. If very bad the best idea is to cover entirely with padding and carpet or linoleum. If a varnished floor is badly worn it is best to remove the old finish and start anew. An idea that is frequently used with good results is to tack a worn rug or carpet face downward, and paint and varnish it. Old rugs and carpets may be made into new.

If the design on your printed linoleum has been worn off it can be made to give further service by painting or enameling a desirable color. Floor enamel may now be purchased in white to which desired coloring may be added, thus eliminating the necessity of using the rather drab floor paints usually found on the market. Give two or three coats. It may be either left plain or stippled, stenciled or marked off into squares. If a stencil pattern is used care should be taken to avoid a spotty effect, an all-over design is good. A final coat of varnish may be applied if desired, however this will give a yellowish effect as there is no varnish entirely colorless.

With this discussion of floors we have completed the study of the fixed background. We are now ready to consider the movables which go into the room. Next month we will take up the question of drapery and curtains.

A NORTH TEXAS DESERT SCENE

Glen E. Perrins.

Choosing a Dessert

By Lucy Rose Meddleton

NO matter how substantial the rest of the meal, there are few who do not look forward with anticipation to the dessert. It affords something of a surprise party—not only because it is delectable, but also because it permits the widest opportunity for variety and inventive genius. There is a certain sameness about the body of most meals. Soups, potatoes, meat, bread and butter are almost inescapable; but when it comes to desserts, restrictions dissolve and the imagination has free sweep. The only requirement is that the result shall be delicious. It is advisable to choose a light dessert for the finale of a heavy meal.

Marshmallow Pudding

1 lb. marshmallows
1 cup pineapple
3 oranges
3 lemons
1 cup sugar
2 teaspoons gelatine
1 pint whipping cream
½ cup water
1 small bottle maraschino cherries

Cook slightly the diced oranges and pineapple with the lemon juice and sugar, then pour over the marshmallow, which have been cut in small pieces. Add the gelatine, soaked in the half cup of cold water. Let this mixture stand in refrigerator until partially set, then fold in the whipped cream. Replace in refrigerator and leave until frozen, or thoroughly chilled.

This pudding can be made in either the ice box or the mechanical refrigerator. More time is required when made in the ice box.

Cream Puffs

½ cup butter
1 cup boiling water
1 cup bread flour
4 eggs, unbeaten

Add butter to water, heat until butter melts. Add flour all at once and stir vigorously until ball forms in center of pan. Cool slightly, then add eggs one at a time, beating after each egg. The mixture should be very stiff. Shape on buttered cookie sheet by dropping from a spoon. Bake until free from moisture (40-45 minutes), in moderately hot oven, 375 deg. If in doubt as to whether they are done, remove one from the oven to test. Let cool then cut off top and remove the doughy substance from center. Fill with sweetened whipped cream. Replace top pieces.

The cream puff shells may also be filled with ice cream and served with chocolate sauce.

Chocolate Sauce

½ cup sugar
4 teaspoons cocoa
¼ cup water
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix cocoa and sugar well together then add the water. Bring to the boiling point, stir constantly to keep it from scorching. Remove from fire and let stand until cool, then add vanilla.

If a thinner sauce is required add more water. A thicker sauce may be made by increasing the dry ingredients or decreasing the amount of water.

Strawberry Ice Cream

1 pint fresh strawberries
¾ cup sugar
2 teaspoons gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1 cup thin cream or top milk
1 cup whipping cream

Wash and hull the strawberries, mash, sprinkle with sugar. Bring this mixture to the boiling point then add the gelatine, which has been soaked in cold water. Rub through a fine sieve. Let stand in refrigerator tray until chilled then add the thin cream. Replace, and when partially frozen add the whipped cream.

Other fruits may be substituted for the strawberries.

This dessert is made in the mechanical refrigerator or the ice cream freezer.

Chocolate Roll

5 egg yolks
1 cup powdered sugar
3 tablespoons cocoa
5 egg whites
Whipping cream
Thin chocolate sauce

Beat yolks until thick, then add sugar, and beat thoroughly. Add cocoa, fold in egg whites beaten until stiff. Spread in buttered and floured dripping pan and bake about 10 minutes in moderately hot oven, 350 degrees. Turn out on floured cloth. Cover with damp cloth. When cool spread with whipped cream and roll. Serve at once with chocolate sauce.

Orange Sherbet

2 cups sugar
4 cups water
1½ cup orange juice
Juice of 2 lemons
1 tablespoon gelatine

Boil the sugar and water together rapidly for 5 minutes, then add the gelatine, soaked in ¼ cup cold water. Cool, add the juice, strained, and the grated rind of one orange. Freeze. Allow 1 part salt to 8 parts ice.

This desesrt may be made in the mechanical refrigerator if beaten often, very vigorously, during the freezing process.

Short Cake

2 cups flour
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
¾ cup milk
¼-⅓ cup butter

Mix dry ingredients, sift twice, work in butter with pastry mixer fork, or finger tips, and add milk gradually. Toss mixture on floured board and divide in two parts. Pat, roll out, and put half in round tin. Spread lightly with melted butter and place other half on top; or cut out with large biscuit cutter and bake on buttered cookie sheet. Bake 12 minutes in hot oven, 450 degrees. Split with fork and spread with butter. Spread fruit between layers and on top. Cover with whipped cream, using pastry bag and tube if desired.

For fruit, use any of the following:

Warm apple sauce
Sliced bananas, sprinkled with sugar and lemon juice
Strawberries, slightly crushed, and sweetened to taste
Raspberries, prepared like strawberries
Peaches or apricots, sliced and sweetened, fresh or canned

Butterscotch Pie

Filling:
¾ cup brown sugar
4 tablespoons butter
½ cup bread flour
½ teaspoon salt
2 eggs, slightly beaten
2 cups milk
½ teaspoon vanilla

Mix butter and sugar. Cook 2 minutes or until syrup is brown. Add 1⅔ cups cold milk and scald over hot water. Mix flour and salt with remaining milk, add to hot mixture, and cook 15 minutes. Add eggs, cook 2 minutes. Cool and flavor. Fill baked pie shell. Cover with meringue or garnish with whipped cream.

For pie shell, use plain pastry.

"Try Me, Saith the Lord"

By Joseph H. Dean

THE year 1893 will long be remembered by many of the older generation, on account of the terrible financial panic that swept the country. Everybody suffered. Many of the rich went bankrupt, and hundreds of working men walked the streets vainly looking for employment.

Among the latter was Richard Davis, a carpenter of Salt Lake City. He had not had a day's work for three months. He and his wife had attended evening ward meeting. The speaker had delivered a very convincing discourse upon the law of tithing. Walking home the following conversation occurred between them:

"Well, Jane, what do you think of the sermon on tithing?"

"I think it a fine discourse. I believe every word of it."

"I haven't paid anything this year. I have earned $200.00 and have just a $20.00 gold piece left."

"Go and pay it to the Lord. It is his."

"But Jane, didn't you say this morning that the flour was nearly gone, and that Mary would have to stay home from school for want of new shoes?"

"Yes, non tithe payers are generally poor like that.

"Jane, the Church doesn't need this money as badly as we do. I haven't the heart to pay in my last twenty dollars for tithing when we are destitute, and I have no prospect of work."

"You say pay in *your* last twenty dollars. It isn't yours. It belongs to the Lord."

"If the Lord wants me to pay tithing, he had better give me a job."

"You did have a job the first months of the year, and you didn't pay the Lord his tenth. You have it there in your pocket now. If you had paid it when you earned it, you might never have been out of employment."

Richard Davis didn't get to sleep for hours after going to bed; two influences seemed to be working on him. One would say, "Don't be a fool. A man of brains wouldn't pay his last dollar for tithing when his family is in need, and he is out of work. Doesn't the scriptures say that a man that will not provide for his family has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel?" The other voice would say, "Try me, saith the Lord." Without coming to a decision he finally fell asleep.

Next morning at breakfast the subject came up again.

"Well, Jane, how do you vote this morning. You know I can't find work, and winter is coming on. Do you still advise that I turn in all we have in cash, for tithing?"

"I don't see how you can hesitate, Richard. As a Church member you know that twenty dollars isn't yours. I feel that this is a crisis in our lives, and a test of our faith. Please, dear, have the courage to do what you know to be right."

Richard Davis put on his hat and started up town. In those days the general tithing office was on the corner where the hotel Utah now stands. He hadn't decided whether he was going to pay his tithing, or buy the much needed supplies for his family. The non-tithepaying argument seemed to be getting

stronger and stronger the nearer he approached the tithing office. He reached the opening in the high stone wall that used to surround the block and stopped.

"Now don't be a fool!"

"Try me saith the Lord."

With a mighty effort he ran into the tithing office, and handed in his twenty dollars. "My tithing," he said, "Please put it where I can't reach it. I have been changing my mind every few minutes all the way from home."

The clerk dropped the gold piece in his drawer, and gave him his receipt.

Richard walked out to the street, glad that the struggle was over. He knew in his heart that he had done the right thing. A sweet peace seemed to take possession of him. He hesitated a few moments whether he should go down town, or return home. He decided to go home.

A little way down the street a man was tying his buggy horse to a hitching post. He called out: "Hello there, Dick Davis!"

"Well, if it isn't Joe Holland."

"How are you, Dick? I haven't seen you for years. Say, I have something strange to tell you. I want to add two rooms to my house. As I got out here just now, I was wondering in my mind whom I should get to do the job, and something said to me, 'Get Dick Davis,' and here you walked out of the tithing office right before my eyes. Now what do you think of that?"

"I think that's mighty fine," said Dick with a lump in his throat.

"But the funny thing about it is I wasn't thinking about you, and haven't seen you for years. Do you want the job?"

"Do I want the job! Joe, I haven't had a day's work for three months!"

"Well, then you will take it. When can you start?"

"I'll be on hand tomorrow morning at seven o'clock."

"Well, so long then, Dick. See you in the morning. Remember me to the wife."

"Goodbye, Joe, and thank you very much."

Richard was quite a way up the street when Holland called him back. "Say Dick, the thought just struck me that if you have been three months without a job, you might be hard up. Let me advance you something on account," and he handed him a twenty dollar gold piece.

Richard Davis hurried home. His wife looked up at him anxiously as he came in. Had he lost or won! His countenance was all lit up, and his eyes were red. She jumped up and went to him.

"Why Richard dear, you look happy, but you have been crying. What has happened?"

He took her hand, turned the palm up and put the twenty dollar gold piece in it. "O Richard! So you failed, and I have been praying all the time you have been gone that you might win. Don't give me the money. It belongs to the Lord." She was so disappointed, she wanted to cry and turned from him to go into the next room. As she passed him he stuffed a piece of paper down her neck. She impatiently fished it out and threw it into the coal scuttle It bounced off a lump of coal and flattened out on the carpet. She picked it up and read:

"Received of Richard Davis twenty dollars cash for tithing."

With a puzzled look she turned to her husband. "O Dick dear, what does it mean? You have a receipt for twenty dollars and also have twenty dollars. Now tell me what it all means."

He sat down and told her. They sat there a long time, too happy for words. Finally Richard said: "Jane, do you remember the Bible story of the widow in the time of sore famine, that had just a little meal left, and she made a cake of it, and gave it to the prophet Elijah to eat?"

"Yes, and he blessed her and promised her the meal should never fail, and it didn't."

"Well, she has nothing the best of me. I gave my last money to the Lord and in five minutes my old empty pocket had another gold piece in it. And Joe Holland is going to keep putting other gold pieces there all winter. Isn't it wonderful? And Jane, the credit belongs to you. For if you had thrown your influence on the other side I wouldn't have paid my tithing, and would still be miserable and out of work!"

It is the devil, Jane. The two influences are as distinct as heat and cold. One is full of light and peace and hope. The other filled with darkness, discouragement, and unbelief. The aggravating part of it is that his arguments look "reasonable" and he has a way of making one feel ridiculous. Well, to show him he was wasting his time on me, I stopped under a tree, and taking off my hat, I solemnly covenanted with the Lord that henceforth, every dollar I spend shall be money that has been tithed."

The city of Salt Lake hadn't a happier couple in it that day, than Richard and Jane Davis, and the first check Richard draws every pay day is a check for his tithing.

The Resurrection of Iskabog

(A Parable)

By Ina G. Johnson

ISKABOG stood by the gate of the Great Walled City, not knowing whither to go. His heart was as heavy as the iron pendulum that swung in the large hall of the cathedral; his head was bowed in sorrow and despair; his clothing was threadbare, ragged and torn; his feet were calloused and sore.

The throngs of pedestrians passing by in attractive garments made him shudder.

He sank on his knees; desperation shadowed his countenance: he was homeless, penniless, and hungry. Had he not asked for help and every time received a stone? Had he not sought work, and been rejected? There was no use, he could not go on. He felt as if he were penned in, between gigantic walls of a precipice, and there was no possible way of escape. There was nothing to do, but wait for the destroying angel.

He prayed for freedom and begged that his spirit be taken away.

The noise of the crowd grew fainter and fainter until all was quiet. Darkness seemed to enwrap the crouched form.

Suddenly he heard foot steps; on looking up he saw a personage dressed in a beautiful robe. There was a stern expression on his face, not unlike that, he thought, of the officer who had driven him hither.

Iskabog crouched closer to the

wall; again he could hear that harsh, cold voice commanding, "Move on! Beggars are not wanted here." Automatically he raised his hand to shield his face from the cruel sting of the whip.

Iskabog waited, but instead of the harsh command, he heard a voice in tones of kindness, yet firmness say, "Arise! Come! Follow me!"

Slowly they wended their way into a beautiful garden. They stopped in front of a bench on which stood three flower pots.

The personage remained silent, folded his arms for a moment, then stepped forward and placed a seed in each of the pots half filled with earth. He then fitted a flat rock snugly over the top of each; stepping back, he folded his arms and again stood in silence.

Iskabog was amazed at the power this man possessed; he was more than an officer. He was the Master.

Presently he turned to Iskabog and pointing to the pots, said, "Remove the rocks!"

Iskabog lifted the rock from the first pot, there lay a green shoot, withered and dead. It had started to grow but feeling the pressure of the rock, fell back and died.

The Master spoke, "Behold, that plant had the desire, but with the least resistance gave up."

Then Iskabog removed the rock from the second pot; here the plant had grown pressing against the rock; not being able to get through, turned and tried to find a crack or crevice along the edge by which it might escape, but not finding one, it too gave up.

Again the Master spoke, "Behold, the plant in the second pot had the desire and determination."

Iskabog leaned over the third pot, he paused in amazement, for he beheld a strong sturdy green shoot coming through. The rock had cracked with the steady pressure of the plant against it.

Iskabog raised his head; he looked at the Master. This plant had given him strength.

The Master stood erect; smiled and spoke slowly, but with great force.

"Behold! the plant in the third pot had the Desire; the Determination; and the Diligence." Then placing his hand on Iskabog's shoulder continued, "With these three D's you can accomplish anything.

Iskabog's eyes were opened. His countenance radiated with a new light.

A new life, and a new world lay before him. He walked off with a strength he had never known, and as he walked he repeated. "Desire! Determination! Diligence!"

MRS. GRACE MORRISON POOLE, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs says: "Right here may I enter a plea for clear, straight thinking on the question of Prohibition? Never to my knowledge has an officer of the General Federation of Women's Clubs claimed that its entire membership was in sympathy with the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, but our vote record down through the years justifies us in saying that the large majority of our membership favors it.

"No one for one moment questions the right of individual club women to think and act as they please upon this social question, but we do expect officers of clubs and Federations to give the stand of the General Federation when the subject is up for discussion."

The New Jerusalem

By Frank C. Steele

ELDER ORSON HYDE, one of the twelve apostles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, journeyed to the Holy Land under authority of the priesthood and on October 24, 1841, dedicated by prayer the land for the gathering of the Jews, long scattered among the nations. This was an inspired prayer and to a remarkable degree has been fulfilled.

"Grant, therefore, O Lord," prayed Elder Hyde, "in the name of thy well-beloved Son, Jesus Christ, to remove the barrenness and sterility of this land, and let springs of living water break forth to water the thirsty soil. Let the vine and olive produce in their strength, and the fig tree bloom and flourish. Let the land become abundantly fruitful and possessed by its rightful heirs; let it again flow with plenty to feed the returning prodigals who come home with a spirit of grace and supplication. Upon it let the clouds distill virtue and richness, and let the fields smile with plenty. Let the flocks and the herds greatly increase and multiply upon the mountains and the hills; and let thy great kindness conquer and subdue the unbelief of thy people. Do thou take from them their stony heart, and give them a heart of flesh; and may the sun of thy favor dispel the cold mists of darkness which have beclouded the atmosphere. Incline them to gather in upon this land according to thy word. Let them come like clouds and like doves to their windows. Let the large ships of the nations bring them from the distant isles; and let kings become their nursing fathers, and queens with motherly fondness wipe the tear of sorrow from their eyes."

THE awakening of Palestine and the gathering of Judah in the land of their inheritance since that memorable occasion offers one of the most inspiring chapters of modern history. The Holy Land of today under the British Mandate invoked when Britain took over the control of that ancient country from the Turks some fifteen years ago, is a land of intense industry and cultural development. Through the Zionist movement the passion for a Jewish Homeland has fired the imagination of the House of Judah the world over and this significant trend is reflected in the New Jerusalem that is arising.

Jerusalem today has a population of 90,000, nearly double what it was when the British took control of affairs transforming it from a backward, primitive city to a progressive metropolis. Outside the old walls have been built imposing residential sections, public buildings, hotels and commercial edifices. New areas are constantly being opened as the city spreads out. Today Greater Jerusalem has spread half way to Bethlehem, birthplace of our Lord, on the south, the greater part of the way to Ain Karim on the west, and on the north to the foot of Mount Scopus where is located the British War Cemetery. The Y. M. C. A. through the generosity of a humanitarian American of wealth has a magnificent branch in Jerusalem whither men of all races may gather on common ground for recreational, cultural and spiritual growth.

This New Jerusalem reflects the development that is taking place throughout the whole land of Palestine for surely the blessings pronounced by the prophets of God back in 1841 are being realized in a dramatic and far-reaching way.

Haifa, the great seaport, is forging ahead and it is expected that the Prince of Wales will open the new port with its extensive facilities for shipping during the coming summer. It is the terminal of the Mosul petroleum pipeline.

The waters of Jordan have been harnessed to supply the land with electric light and power. Twice a week airplanes carry mail to and from London. Hard-surfaced roads link the towns with Jerusalem while on the Sea of Galilee a health resort with every modern appointment is being established. Palestine moreover has its own coinage and postage stamps, an official recognition of the growing national status. It uses three official languages, English, Hebrew and Arabic.

On the coast above Jaffa the Jews have built a new city, Tell-Aviv, the first purely Jewish city built since the days of the Romans. With a population of some 36,000 it has modern streets, electric illumination and power, hotels, restaurants, synagogue, hospital, schools and its industrial areas have more than 70 factories. Textiles, shoes, hats, thread, stoves, mirrors, leather goods and numerous other commodities are manufactured.

The agricultural settlements are thriving and the development is fast transforming the country and making it once more a place where "The vine and olive produce in their strength" and "springs of living water break forth to water the thirsty soil."

Palestine has gone into business in a big way and the prayers of the prophets ancient and modern are being fulfilled in a manner that would doubtless amaze them should they return and behold the Palestine scene of today.

BUT there is another aspect of life in the new Holy Land that is of special interest to readers of this magazine. This relates to the work among the women. Mrs. Rachel Katznelson-Rubashov, secretary of the Women's Workers Council of Palestine, has been touring North America acquainting audiences with the welfare work being carried on in that ancient land. Maintenance of convalescent homes, sanitariums, rest homes for workers, children's homes and nurseries comprise only a part of that program. The Girl's Agricultural School at Mahalal, only institution of its kind in Palestine, is turning out girls scientifically equipped for home-making and work on the farms and in the orchards.

"The smallest infant mortality in the world is in Palestine. Our women in Palestine work hard but there is no feeling of sacrifice among them. They make their work a pleasure. There is no monotony, every day brings something new. Nowhere have I seen such hearty laughter as in Palestine. Each person feels himself necessary and knows there is a place to be filled. Each one is important because he is doing important work," says the visiting leader.

The Chicago Congress

UTAH women were well represented at the International Congress of Women in connection with the Columbia Exposition in 1893. It is expected that many Utahns will attend the International Congress under the auspices of the National Council of Women which will be held in Chicago July 16-27 in connection with the latest World's Fair, A Century of Progress.

The brilliance of the program announced makes it plain that outstanding women from this country and many parts of the world will be flocking to Chicago for the event. Able speakers from America, Europe and the Orient have been secured. Dame Rachel Crowdy of England, Baroness Ishimoto of Japan; a leading femininist from China; Mary R. Bear, the historian; Dr. Lillian M. Gilbreth, industrial engineer; Jane Addams, peace advocate; Prof. Paul Douglas, Prof. Mollie Ray Carroll and Prof. Hazel Kyrk, economists; Mary Anderson and Grace Abbott, heads of government bureaus, are among them. The topics of discussion include "The Philosophy of a New Day," "When Nations Cooperate," "A New Concept of Government," "Creative Citizenship," "The Goose Step of Commercial Recreation," "The War Racket" and others equally vital.

Six round tables in progress during the week will deal with such subjects as "Security Against Destructive Forces," "Opportunity Through Education" and "Opportunity Through Leisure." Among the general sessions which will awaken most widespread interest are one devoted to "Economic Security Through Government" in which an Italian Fascist, a Russian Communist and a citizen of the United States will describe the degree to which each of those forms of government guarantees security, and a youth meeting at which undergraduates from the leading women's colleges will express their views on modern civilization.

Registration for the Congress will be $3.00, entitling the registrant to admission to all general meetings and round tables. Excellent rates have been obtained at the headquarters hotel, the Palmer House. Single room with bath will be $3.50; double room with bath, $3.00; three in a room, $2.50 each; and four in a room, $2.00 each. Reduced travel rates have been secured from all transportation lines converging at Chicago. For rail information write Mrs. William Gary Brown, Room 1324, 105 W. Adams St., Chicago; for airplane rates, Miss Ruth Nichols, The Dover, 687 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

The exhibit of the National Council of Women in the Hall of Social Sciences at Chicago's Century of Progress will be a mecca for visitors from our organization to the world's fair, for in it the achievements of the National Women's Relief Society will be recorded.

A series of handsomely bound volumes will carry the composite story of the work of the 31 member organizations of the Council in a setting superlatively appropriate for such a display.

A 60-foot mural painted by Hidreth Meiere of New York will constitute the background. This depicts in a series of episodes major factors which have been responsible for

women's emancipation from the drudgery of the home. They include the opening up of educational opportunities to women, the temperance crusade, abolition activities, the founding of the American Red Cross, the beginning of the suffrage movement, the club movement, the suffrage campaign and the campaign for peace.

A narrow band below the main canvas, which is carried out in the semblance of a base relief, presents in miniature 20 historic incidents in the woman movement and 30 noted women."

Friendliness

A TINY mite of a girl huddled against a lamp post in the poorest district of the large city. The narrow streets, black alleys, dark dirty buildings, the foul smells of unclean human beings living too closely together, the shrill voice of an angry woman screaming to her children, a drunken man staggering into an open doorway, made a picture of the unfriendly atmosphere in which the youngster lived. With her hair hanging in disorderly strings on her moist forehead, her clothes ragged and grimy, her skinny arms and legs showing signs of recent beatings, the product of this environment was a most forlorn little person. Her face was wan and frightened, as though she expected at any moment to be yelled at, or kicked, or driven to a task much too difficult for her young body.

At the sound of a kind voice, the child raised her troubled grey eyes to look into the smiling face of a clean-appearing boy about six years her senior.

"What's the matter, kid? Somebody been mean to you?"

Fearing that anything she might do or say would occasion a sharp rebuke or even a beating, the child made no sound.

The boy took her tiny hand gently in his, saying, "Ah, don't be afraid. I won't hurt you." With a sparkle in his eye, he joyfully added, "Say! How'd you like to play with Spotty here?" The grey eyes, moving in the direction indicated by the boy's free hand, saw a small stubby-tailed dog frisking in the street.

"Hi! Spot! Come 'ere!" As the dog bounded toward his young playfellow, a faint smile began to play in the grey eyes of the tiny girl.

"Come on, kid. Don't be scared. See, pat him like this." Under the boy's kind encouragement and careful guidance the child's tiny hand went back and forth in little pats on the dog's head and back. Becoming more and more happy and less and less frightened every moment, the tot finally picked up the small dog, holding it tightly in her skinny arms. The happy laugh of the wee girl and the delighted wiggle of the dog's tail would have pleased the heart of the most calloused observer.

Notes from the Field

Eastern States Mission (Jamestown Branch):

MEMBERS of the Jamestown Branch of the Eastern States Mission Relief Society gave a very successful social at Maccabee's Hall, March 18, 1933, in celebration of the birthday of the organization. A bountiful and delicious dinner was served from 5:30 to 7 p. m., to 110 people. At 7:30 a program was given, one of the first numbers being a two act drama, "The Organization of the Relief Society in Nauvoo." The characters were taken by members of the Relief Society. Following were several very good readings and musical numbers, also a play, written by one of the Jamestown missionaries, was given by the missionaries of the Jamestown Branch. After the program the floor was cleared for dancing, which was enjoyed by young and old. Everyone present pronounced the social a success in every way.

The Jamestown Branch of the Relief Society has eleven members, who work together in love and harmony for the advancement of the Kingdom of God, in the entertainments and in the charity work of the organization.

Tahitian Mission:

SISTER MARGUERITE S. BURBIDGE, president of the Tahitian Mission Relief Societies, writes: "I desire to report that we held our Relief Society Conference here in Papeete on Thursday, April 6, 1933. We had a very enjoyable meeting. There were representatives from eight districts and they all made reports of their various branches and the work being done

JAMESTOWN RELIEF SOCIETY CELEBRATES WITH DRAMA

by the sisters, which is very commendable. We had a program, which was given by the sisters of the Papeete Branch, and everyone seemed pleased and happy. After the meeting, the sisters were served with lunch. They were all seated at a long table which was very prettily decorated in pink and green, with little pink baskets as favors. In the evening the Papeete Relief Society presented a little play, "The Miracle," to a crowded house. Everyone who saw it thought it was very good, and we felt very much satisfied with our part of the Conference. The sisters are doing a good work here, although they are handicapped in many ways."

ROSEVILLE BRANCH, CALIFORNIA MISSION

California Mission (Roseville Branch):

AN interesting account of a celebration held in the Roseville Branch of the California Mission, came to the Relief Society office. The above picture shows the cast.

The account of these activities shows the interest of our Relief Society women everywhere, and the social spirit does much to keep alive the spirits of the sisters in the arduous experiences of the present day. The Roseville Society is but a small branch in the California Mission, but its officers are imbued with the real Relief Society spirit.

St. Joseph Stake:

FROM St. Joseph Stake comes the sad news of the passing of another one of the beloved Relief Society sisters. In the language of her co-workers: "A death that has caused deep regret and sorrow throughout the valley was that of Mrs. Inez H. Lee, who passed away at her home in Thatcher, Arizona, March 4, 1933. Well known in religious, educational, civic and political circles throughout the state, she had a host of friends to whom her death came as a great shock. Funeral services were held in the L. D. S. Chapel in Thatcher. The large auditorium was filled to capacity with relatives and friends who had gathered to pay a last tribute to one, who through her kindly deeds and splendid character had

endeared herself to them to the extent that they lovingly called her "Aunt Inez." At the time of her death she was the librarian of the Gila Junior College at Thatcher, a position she had held for six years, also Literary Class Leader of the Thatcher Ward Relief Society."

San Francisco Stake (Diamond Ward):

MARCH 17, 1933, was fittingly observed by the San Francisco Stake. The happy event was held in the Diamond Ward Chapel, at 8 p. m. The great diversity of the program offered showed the extent of the talent which comes to the support of Relief Society in all its projects. Following the address of welcome an orchestral number was presented by twelve of the Relief Society sisters in pantomime. An interesting feature was a reading by Sister Pamela Bassett, who is the oldest member of the Diamond Ward Relief Society. She is 78 years old. This was followed by community singing, a skit, "Two Knights of the Road," and the singing of a Scotch song, "Lochinvar," was presented in pantomime. A Kangaroo Court, conducted with all the formality of a real session, was the source of much amusement. Dancing of old-time dances concluded the program, after which refreshments were served. The party, in which the spirit of merriment prevailed, the fancy dresses and the other elements of comedy did much to heighten the spirits of the group. Not a little amusement was created by the exchange of packages. Each person was supposed to present a parcel and receive one in exchange, the contents of which created much fun. The Society felt that the party had been a most successful one, and had done much to dissipate the gloom of the past Winter.

Magazine Day

SISTER LUCY H. ADAMS of Lovell, Wyoming, sends in word that they set aside one day for magazine day and that a special program was given during work meeting consisting of an original play, song, and stunt. On that day 26 subscriptions were handed in. The song written by Elder John C. Hawston and which they sing occasionally is:

The Relief Society Magazine

Onward gentle messenger—full of helpful cheer.
In a cause that's sacred, in a work that's dear.
Every month there's comfort in your pages found,
As we help the needy; Encourage the home bound.

Onward gentle messenger—full of helpful cheer
In a cause that's sacred; in a work that's dear.
As you enter sick rooms; By the discouraged read
New hope thus is kindled, hungry spirits fed.

Onward gentle messenger—full of helpful cheer
In a cause that's sacred; in a work that's dear.
Everywhere there's sorrow; You must do your part
Lift the overburdened—A balm to every heart.

The first two lines repeated for chorus.

To be sung to the tune of "Onward, Christian Soldiers."

Notes to the Field

WE are delighted to hear from Sister La Rene King Bleecker how much the sisters of the Ogden Second Ward are enjoying our magazine. She says "A new appreciation of literature seems to be prevalent in our association. Many have expressed the thought that we are acquiring our belated college educations through the medium of our magazine and the unusually fine lessons in all departments.

Annual Day

OUR annual, March 17, was most fittingly observed throughout the Church and happy celebrations seemed to be the order of the day. We attended one ward where every care was forgotten, although that very day the dead had been prepared for burial and nursing had been done in a number of distressed homes by these women. We commend the faith and buoyant spirits of the sisters for maintaining a wholesome attitude through all the difficult scenes of life.

Ward Conferences

OUR ward conferences are drawing to a close and we feel a great deal of good has been accomplished by getting our work before the people. The bishops tells us the Relief Society Conference is one of the best attended and most pleasing meetings of the year and great admiration is shown for the ability of the presiding officers. The singing done entirely by the members of the society is a very pleasing feature, and we feel a generous attitude is taken by the choir leader and the members to allow us this privilege once a year. In most conferences the stake officers have outlined a most commendable outline in connection with the outline of the General Board which shows thought and ability.

Looking Hopefully Forward

GOD has not given us fore-knowledge but something far beter, hope," Pres. Anthon H. Lund. Our Happiness depends to a great extent on whether we look hopefully forward or whether we let despondency or foreboding depress us. While some, like Wilkins Micawber, carry this hopefulness too far and expect something to turn up without self effort, yet even such people radiate a better influence than do those who are always forecasting disasters, more trouble, worse conditions. There is a great difference between facing the facts, looking forward hopefully, working with a cheerful face, and an optimistic heart and drifting good naturedly with the tide, letting it bear one where it will. "God governs man through the regency of hope."

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EDITORIAL

Founder's Day in Europe

WE deeply appreciate the kind thoughtfulness of Sister Leah D. Widtsoe in sending us copies of the Anniversary Numbers of the "Star" for each mission in Europe, which the Relief Societies printed in honor of Founder's Day. These were in English, German, French, Dutch, Scandinavian and Norwegian.

Never before in our history have the European Relief Societies taken completely the lessons as provided for our organizations in the United States. This marks a great stride forward in the unity of our work.

Sister Widtsoe writes that for five years she has urged most strongly that the Missions organize auxilliary presidencies instead of having all the organizations work under the direction of the Mission President's wife. She has realized and has tried to convince the Mission Presidents that the work cannot grow constantly until the local people are trained to manage their own affairs as they do in the Stakes of Zion. She now sees the result of her efforts, for practically all of the Missions have complete Relief Society executive officers.

Sister Widtsoe has worked untiringly to strengthen the auxiliary organizations throughout the European Mission and to have them carry on the work as provided by the General Boards. We congratulate her on her success and are sure that the women who are now holding office and carrying responsibility will develop greatly and that the work will make rapid strides forward.

Family Relationships

THE normal lot of the average boy is to grow to manhood, marry and assume the duties of being the head of a family. The normal lot of the average girl is to grow to womanhood, assume the duties of home-making and motherhood.

Knowing this it is strange that with the multiplicity of subjects offered in the colleges and universities it is seldom that they include in their curricula courses that will directly fit young people for parenthood and home-making.

We are delighted to note that the Brigham Young University at Provo will offer in their spring quarter a course on family relationships.

Preparation for marriage, the structure of the modern family, modern social conditions affecting its stability and pattern; characteristics of a well-adjusted family; desirable traits of family members; responsibilities and contributions of members of the family group to the family life in economic, social, moral and spiritual fields will be studied.

Professor Effie Warnick, home economist of the institution says: "Families of the future will be judged less on elaborate meals and stiffly starched curtains than on the type of young men and women they produce."

Think on These Things

QUITE a number of years ago Alfred Russel Wallace on his ninety-second birthday was asked "What is wrong with the world?" He replied, "This is the fundamental weakness; our knowledge, our science has outstripped our moral development. We have become possessed of greater forces than we are morally fit to use. We have not sufficient self-control or good will to use these gigantic physical energies for the well being of mankind and are daily turning them into weapons of self-destruction."

Later the New York Times asked a number of scientists the same question and their replies embodied the same thought. Today a great engineer says "Man is epochly unprepared for the bounty which the cornucopia of the engineers has shaken over the earth. He surveys a scene of plenty and yet sees many going hungry. He hopes the prodigal at the wheel can learn to manage himself, lest he be crushed by the machinery of material progress."

A philosopher-historian, sorrowing over the moral slump into which we have fallen tells us that it is of no avail to "lift our curses against the sky because we can only raise the common level as each citizen raises his own."

Sir Alfred Ewing, president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science confronted by a series of preplexities and frustrations feels now at the age of 77 as "one who has come a long way and taken the wrong turning." Long an exponent of applied sciences he is now disillusioned by "the sweeping pageant of discovery and invention in which he used to take unbounded delight."

He says: "It is impossible not to ask, whither does this tremendous procession tend? What, after all is its goal? What is the probable influence on the future of the human race? The engineers have dowered

us with 'previously unpossest and unimagined capacities and powers. Beyond question many of these gifts are benefits to man, making life fuller, wider, healthier, richer in comforts and interests and in such happiness as material things can promote.'"

Every man desires for such spiritual betterment as will qualify him to use the leisure he has won through the machine age. In order to do this Sir Alfred says he must first learn "to command himself."

James Truslow Adams thinks two of the chief causes of moral collapse which has accompanied our economic debacle are lack of knowledge and lack of character. He says: "As part of the development of character we have got to place a higher value on other things in life than money and standards of living. In countless homes in America today there must be going on a serious questioning of what it is that makes life worth while, and what is really worth striving for. My own opinion is that there are plenty of us who are getting fed up with the philosophy of life of the past decade and with the position which our country occupies, with its crime, its lawlessness, its disgraceful politics, its abandonment of ideals, its loss of prestige and honor abroad and at home.

* * *

"There is no use in railing at America, or expecting her to take her proper position in the world, unless each of us as citizens makes an effort to make his own life worth while on the basis of values which are not wholly material. * * * The nation can not transcend the level of its citizens."

President Robison Attends Conventions in East

WE are glad to report that President Robison attended the Conference of the Women's National Council for Law Enforcement held in Washington, April 14-15, 1933, and also participated in the session in the National Council of Women that was called to plan for the women's exhibit at the Century of Progress Exposition. At this time she made arrangements for our Relief Society exhibit.

Sister Robison visited the Exposition Buildings and comes back enthusiastic, feeling that a new era for women is dawning. She hopes many of our members will be able to go to Chicago this summer and enjoy the wonderful opportunities offered by the Century of Progress Exposition.

It means much to have our President attend these conferences of representative women.

While in New York, on invitation of President Moyle, she attended the conference of the Eastern States Mission, speaking at two sessions.

Sympathy

OUR hearts go out in deepest sympathy to Elder Richard R. and Amy Brown Lyman in the sudden death of their son, Wendell.

Sister Lyman has been a tender, loving, devoted mother. During Wendell's boyhood he passed through a long, critical illness. His mother's whole thought centered in his welfare and it was due to her constant ministration that his life was preserved.

May our Father give them fortitude to bear this great trial. May the spirit of peace abide in their home and may time heal their broken hearts.

Wedding Announcements

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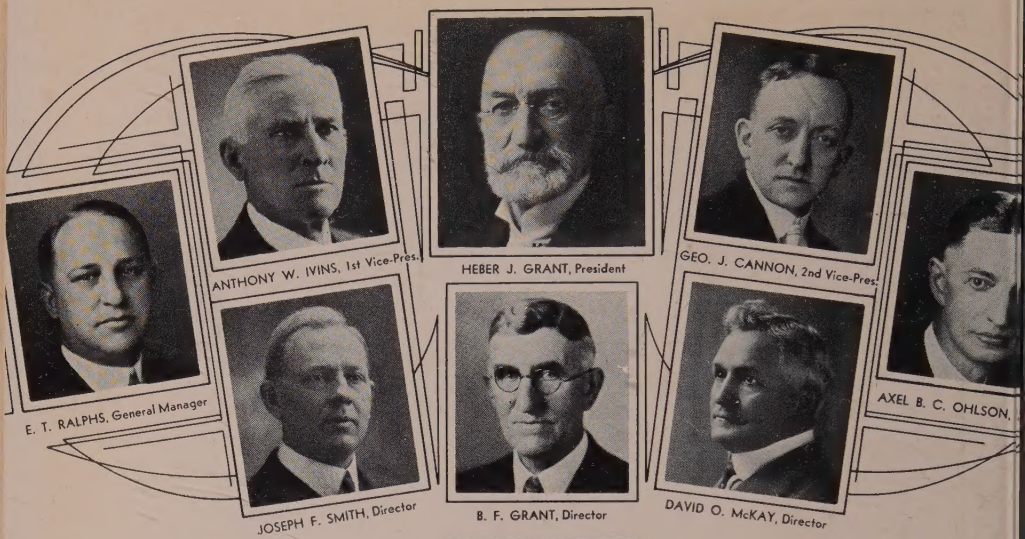
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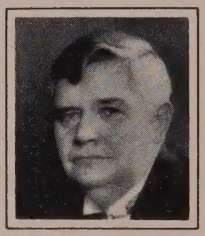

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